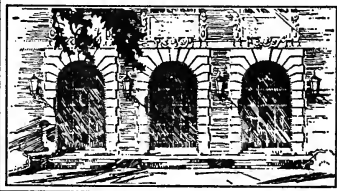


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MANDEVILLE.

A TALE

OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

IN

ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.



From either host

The clink of hammers, closing rivets up,
Gives dreadful note of preparation.

SHAKESPEAR.



IN THREE VOLUMES.



VOL. III.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
LONDON.



1817.

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MANDEVILLE.

VOL. III.

A

MANDEVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the last illness of my uncle, I had kept up a regular correspondence with my sister ; and he had no sooner expired, than, with the approbation of Mr Holloway, I invited her and Mrs Willis, to superintend with me such details as might be necessary, on the demise of the head of the family. Audley Mandeville, in the last period of his life, had expressed no wish to see any absent connection or relation ; and it was therefore thought advisable to defer the visit of Henrietta, till after the melancholy event of his death. It was so arranged, that

the arrival of my friends took place, on the day subsequent to my own return from the solemnity of the funeral. I had just completed the eighteenth year of my age.

Deep and solemn were the emotions with which we now met each other, beneath the postern in the desolate court-yard of Mandeville House. Henrietta gave me her hand, and motioned me to lead her to the apartment of Audley. Her acquaintance with him was exactly of that degree which made the contemplation of these things soothing. She viewed with a wistful eye the chair, in which he had sat when he received her visits, and the chamber and the bed in which he expired. She burst into a stream of tears. Shortly after, she soothed the sadness of her mind, by enquiring into the particulars, from hour to hour, of the last days and nights of the inoffensive deceased ; and this detail, however common, or however fastidious it may prove to an indifferent and uninterested person, is always dear to the

survivor, who knows that he shall see the subject of the narrative no more.

I felt, that, after the agonizing circumstances that had occurred during my last residence at Beaulieu, I could not soon have visited that place again. It was therefore doubly soothing to me, to receive Henrietta in the domain where I had passed almost all my early years. My feelings towards this darling sister on the present occasion were inexpressible. The death of my uncle was in my eyes an event of the greatest magnitude. Its effect to my conceptions strikingly resembled that, when the spectators in the house of Dagon saw the pillars of that spacious fabric bend beneath the grasp of Samson, and felt the first reeling of the edifice, but did not yet know in what manner the terrible phenomenon would end. My connections and the bands which united me to the world were almost nothing ; I saw that which was, in the vulgar acceptation, the chief of them, sudden-

ly removed ; nor could I guess what would be my situation under, what appeared to me, this mighty revolution. I had no experience to guide my judgment, of the removal of one of those cherished objects upon which my affections leaned ; and the idea that impressed me, was as if an essential part of myself was buried in the grave of Audley Mandeville. I turned therefore to Henrietta, with a sentiment a thousand times more tender than ever. I was like a mother of two darling sons, between whom her heart was divided, who, if she loses one of them, feels that she loves the survivor, more fervently than she had before loved the two together. Beside which, all that I had suffered in the wretched question of Clifford, rendered my heart but the more tender, where any tenderness remained, and raised my affection for Henrietta into a something exclusive, that admitted no rival, that allowed of no partner, and that told me, " Here, and here only, can I truly love."

We resumed the talk, in which we had engaged early in my last visit to Beaulieu, respecting our plans of future life. The house we then selected for my fixed residence, was that which had been the abode of Commodore Mandeville, and in the neighbourhood of which the line of my ancestors, and latterly Audley and his Amelia, lay buried. The projects we had then formed, were now one step nearer to a reality. The last proprietor of the estate was gone; and it seemed certain that, if I lived three years longer, I should be absolute lord of the whole. The speculation therefore was more interesting, than it had been, a few months before, at Beaulieu. Henrietta loved to engage me in such topics, because she well knew that schemes of future life, which, by the nature of the case, are much subject to the empire of the imagination, and we can make of them what we please, are perhaps the best emollients that can be devised, for such wounds as the past may have inflict-

ed. While I considered in detail what I should be, or desired to be, my attention was in a great degree distracted from the mortifications I had already endured. Add to this, that topics of this sort, or of any sort, fell with tenfold impression from the lips of Henrietta. Whatever was the subject of her discourse, came to my ears inexpressibly improved, by the harmony of her voice, the gracefulness of her diction, the lustre of her eye, and the undescrivable vivacity and ease of all her motions. Still it is true, a deadly grief lay rankling in my bosom, which I could scarcely at any time forget, but which with unremitting firmness I forbad, ever, even in a whisper, even in an inarticulate exclamation (that cry of nature from which the heart at all times derives ease), to find its way to my tongue.

I had now with me under the roof of Mandeville House, Henrietta, the idol of my soul, Mrs Willis, to whom Henrietta was materially indebted for some of her

noblest accomplishments, and two wretches, Holloway and Mallison, for whom my soul confessed the most unbounded contempt. Yet could not these latter be wholly excluded from our counsels. We kept them indeed at a sufficient distance, a distance which was intolerably galling to our guardian and my uncle's executor. It was necessary however that he should be in some degree advised with. My residence for the next three years could not be fixed without his participation. Wretch that he was, he was in some sort my master, and what the law seems to regard in the light of a parent, during the remainder of my minority. The only adequate check that existed upon his abuse of these authorities, was the desire he would naturally have, if I lived to the age of maturity, and ultimately became possessed of the estate, that I should, if possible, be induced to think of him as a friend.

It was the wish of Henrietta that I should

reside near the most spacious and considerable of the mansion-houses that descended to me, that in which my grandfather had spent his latter years, and that my mind should be in some degree occupied in digesting those improvements, which could not be fully realised till I came into possession. I was resolute against returning to Oxford; and the abode in which I could be most retired, and which should have the additional recommendation of turning my thoughts to subjects, most flattering to my ambition, and the anticipation of my future importance in the world, seemed to be in all respects the most beneficial.

Holloway, to whom I and my sister occasionally communicated the outline of our projects, willingly lent himself to this idea. Nothing could exceed the obliging behaviour, or I may rather call it the obsequiousness, of the attorney. Upon the first suggestion of the scheme, he proposed to ride over to the family-seat in Derbyshire,

and enquire out a dwelling in which I might be agreeably accommodated. In a short time he returned, with information of something that seemed exactly to correspond to our notions. It was a house within two short miles of Mandeville Place, now tenanted by a farmer, but which not long before had been the residence of an unfortunate cavalier, with a patrimony of a few hundreds a year, who had fallen in the civil wars. This house contained several apartments in a better style, for which the farmer had no occasion, and which he was willing to appropriate to my use. Here I could be received, together with two men-servants ; and the farmer offered the assistance of his wife and the female part of his establishment, to supply my table, and conduct the inferior parts of my economy. The proposal was readily accepted. I set off with my sister and Mrs Willis, that we might judge of the whole with our own eyes. Every thing appeared to possess the

necessary recommendations : I assembled my books and the implements of study about me ; and I proposed to relax myself every fine day with a walk or a ride about some part of the park or the neighbouring country. Thus easily every thing that Henrietta and I had projected, as most conducive to the restoration of my intellectual health, appeared to be fully accomplished. It was judged necessary, that my sister, and the guide of her early youth, should return to the vicinity of the New Forest ; but, before they left me, they had the satisfaction to believe, that whatever the most sagacious foresight could require for my welfare was provided, and that there was every prospect that I should pass the remainder of my minority in tranquillity.

No sooner was I alone, than a train of reflections crowded in upon me. How different a creature is man in society, and man in solitude ! By society I mean, where a man meets with persons of like

dispositions to himself. The savage man probably, wherever he encounters a being of his own species, encounters a companion. The artificial distinctions of civilised life he knows not; and every man in the savage state, is in the main particulars like every other man. They have all the same appetites; they all delight in motion, and delight in rest; they are pleased with sunshine, and are pleased with shade; they love and they hate; they derive agreeable or disagreeable emotions from whatever appears the precursor of pleasure or pain; and they regard in almost all instances, with sympathy, and a certain lightness of heart, the countenance of their fellow-man. Not so in the countries of civilised Europe: “as this world goes,” he who claims to be my companion, must be “one man picked out of ten thousand:” he must have a disposition to laugh when I laugh, and to cry when I cry; he must have with me a similarity of tastes, and a consonancy of stu-

dies ; he must be prepared to enter into those associations of thought, that are valuable in my eyes, and to appreciate those sentiments that are dear to my heart. As long therefore as I had Mrs Willis and Henrietta with me, I was in society ; but, when I had only the farmer and his family, and his servants and mine, I was alone. It is true that, when I mingled with these beloved associates, that did not always preserve me from thoughts of anguish ; I had secret misgivings and sinkings of soul in the midst of my most valued enjoyments.

For where's the palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

But, when these my better angels left my side, then was the sabbath of my unhallowed cogitations. Then was the tempest and whirlwind of the soul. Then I

was wholly delivered up to hatred, disappointment, and remorse, and all those darker emotions that lacerate and tear in pieces the human heart. I looked round upon my implements of study, I looked from my windows upon the rich and heart-reviving prospects they commanded, and I cast upon them a smile of bitterness and contempt. I said all these meadows, and hedge-rows, and streams, this forest-land, and these woods, as far as the eye can reach, are mine. What matters it? I carry a poison in my bosom, to which they afford no antidote. I bear about with me a blemished reputation, a wound that not all the arts of medicine, and all the incantations of witchcraft, can heal. What avails it then for a man to be rich, who knows that he is destined to be miserable?

I could not meanwhile be for ever engrossed with thinking. I ate, and drank, and slept, like other men; that is, I performed all these functions, however imper-

fectly. I walked, and rode—sometimes even talked; for I could not attend to the projected improvements of my property, which I had prescribed to myself as one of my special occupations, without some communications with others. When I returned home, I took down the books from my shelves. I resolutely discarded that loathing of study that had risen in my mind. I placed before me maps, and globes, and charts, and various delineations of cities, of buildings, and of fortified places. I resolved to become acquainted with the history of the world. I read the admirable details of political affairs which ancient Greece and Rome have handed down to us, and illustrated them with the biographical records of the venerable Plutarch. I even made considerable proficiency in these studies. I grew enraptured with the virtues and the elevated minds of antiquity; and Themistocles, and Aristides, and Socrates, and Plato, and Fabricius, and Scipio, and Cato,

and Brutus became to me a sort of Gods. I was not "lost in loss itself." I still retained something of the best characteristics of our human nature. My heart panted with admiration, and glowed with exalted sympathy. I was even vain enough to imagine, that I felt within me the capacity to have been like one of these.

But, in the midst of all the fervours of my soul, there was mingled a sadness. An undefined recollection haunted me, even when I was most rapt out of myself. "There is some reason,—what is it?—why I must be wretched." I shut my books; I started away from my studies; I plunged into the most desolate and the obscurest of the neighbouring scenery. My heart seemed ready to burst from the chamber that held it; tears, precious, life-giving tears, would sometimes roll down my cheeks. Words would be altogether vain to describe the agitations, the agonies, the bitter repinings, and satanic rebellions of my soul against

the God that made me. I said, "What a glorious world is that, which produced such beings as I read of! The times of old Greece and Rome shall come round again: nor has even England been destitute of some characters, that latest times may look on and wonder at. What an admirable nature is this of man, that can think such things, and feel such things, and act such things! Well then, I have been reading a portion of the history of the world. But of this world I form no part. I am cut off from it for ever. Reputation, that good which is beyond all wealth, which embalms and consecrates all virtue, and without which there can be nothing worthy and excellent, I have lost; and, once lost, it can never be restored to this frame of Mandeville, so long as one fibre of that frame remains even in the caverns of the grave."

Nor could I admit (and here lay the sting of my reflections) that I had done any thing to deserve this loss. I seemed to my-

self to be able to conceive the pleasures of guilt. If I had been really a traitor, if I had trampled upon those boundaries which morality prescribes to the liberty of man, I should have had a sullen satisfaction in my disgrace. Morality is a sort of limit, which the policy of society sets to the active powers of the individual, for the interest of the general. But man has a natural delight in the exercise of his active powers, and is apt sometimes to feel indignant against that mandate, which says, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." We covet experience; we have a secret desire to learn, not from cold prohibition, but from trial, whether those things, which are not without a semblance of good, are really so ill as they are described to us. And prohibition itself gives a zest, an appropriate sweetness, to that which a wiser being than man might have scorned. If then I had stained the first dawn of my manhood with licentiousness, if I had been a traitor to my duties and my

country, if I had involved the life of innocence and beauty in shame, contempt and remorse, if I had in my actions bid defiance to the world and its most solemn and unalterable decrees, if I had imbrued my hands in brother's blood, I should have at least contemplated my own audacity with a gloomy delight, and felt a bastard pride in having trampled on all ties, divine and human. But mine was the punishment, without the crime. I had austere conform'd to whatever society requires, and sought no enjoyment that conscience forbids. My life had been blameless ; at the same time that my name was rendered a by-word, an astonishment, and a curse.

It is true,—and, with the wretched tale I have to unfold, I may be allowed to do myself that justice—though I could conceive the pleasures of guilt, I had no taste for them. There are undoubtedly, history sufficiently confirms it, souls of so strange a texture, that their first passion seems to

be, to walk in the purlieus of guilt, to have contemplations that ask no participator, and refuse to be vented in articulate sound, men, who would be less pleased to be loved than to be feared, who revel in the sink of sensuality, careless of the sensations of their victims, who are gratified to spread around them anguish and despair, who have no instinct for kindness, and stand,

As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

But I was not one of those. I had a heart for love, Oh, for what transports and turbulence of love! My education, all the first scenes and instructions of my youth, had been full of ideas of God and duty; and from earliest childhood I never lay down to rest, without having every wilder impulse subdued by the remembrance of a life to come. I therefore could not think of the excesses of an unbridled spirit without horror; and it is bitter constraint alone,

that has forced me to become—what I am ! But, for that very reason, it was doubly hard, that I, who sought not, who desired not, any thing that was ill, should suffer all the consequences of the most shameless vice.

But was every thing so hopeless with me, as I painted it to myself? If I were blemished in the great world, I might still perhaps live among my tenants and my country-neighbours, and be respected. Now and then some stranger might pass my gate, and say, “here lives the man, of whom they tell strange stories about Penruddock and the western insurrection.” But the humbler vicinage would scarcely have heard the tale; and those who had, would allow a life spent in unambitious beneficence to obliterate its deformities. Nay, upon the same terms I might go out into the world at large. Even my king and my country would perhaps admit my services, and provide me with an opportunity by some ho-

honourable achievement to cast a shade upon my unfortunate beginning. I might gain a patched-up and a passable character. My name would be like a garment of price, whose original colours were tarnished and gone, but it is sent to the dyer, and in receiving a new tint, becomes possessed of a second-hand and half-faced beauty. It would be like a human body, covered with wounds and marks of its former hardships, hardships not met with in the career of honour, but which are now skinned over and healed, and it is again capable of a sort of halting and disabled duty.

No : this was a compromise that I could not think of for an instant. My conception of fame was too pure, to admit of such an anomalous and questionable existence. I was ambitious : but it was Ambition's self, that fixed my mind upon something resplendent and illustrious ; and, if I could not shine in what I deemed my proper sphere, I could not accept of less. Next

to the pride of being great, was the pride of being nothing. I resolved to shut myself out from the world, to think of my studies only, to be unknown to, and unseen by any human being, except the bare members of my own household. This appeared to be my only chance for tranquillity.

Such were some of the reflections that passed in my mind, under the roof of my Derbyshire farmer. Undoubtedly this was a falling off from the state of my thoughts, immediately before I was summoned to the death-bed of my uncle. Then I had felt that I had but one vocation in life, the destruction of Clifford. I knew, too well I knew, that that would be no cure for my misery. But at least it would be some consolation to my insupportable anguish, to bathe my arms to the very elbow in the blood of my rival. I should then say, "At length he is extinguished! he can never harm me more! It is true, I must perish, but he shall not look on, and exult

over my ruin ! When I am made one monument of wretchedness, he shall not, while I live, and after I die, have his luxuries, gratifications and enjoyments, his bosom shall not beat with pleasure, and his eye shall not sparkle with gladness !” I had formed therefore a solemn vow, that I would have no other pursuit and occupation in life till this was fully effected, that I would devote to it my days and nights, and consider nothing but how it was to be most speedily and certainly consummated. Meanwhile my mind was all a chaos : I had formed no plan ; I was incapable of digesting any settled design ; I was conscious to nothing, but one overwhelming passion, one extinguishable and infuriated desire.

Events have over us a power, that seldom any operation of the mind within itself reach. My thoughts were called off from this uproar and carnival of diabolical suggestions, by the summons I had received, to come over, and see my uncle die. My

journey in obedience to this summons, all I had witnessed on this awful occasion, and the new situation in which the death of the proprietor of the Mandeville estates placed me, made a different man of me. I studied; I surveyed my estates; I meditated, and digested a variety of improvements. The tenseness of all my muscles, which preceded, was relaxed. The horror of my purposes was suspended. —Aye! suspended only, not annihilated. I still felt the “*injuria alta mente reposta.*” I never forgot the calamity of my condition. Clifford still haunted me. But it was like a thin and unsubstantial ghost, half melted into air, and dispersing itself, as it were, in the elements. But the time was coming, in which he was to revisit me in his original horrors, to resume his gigantic and irresistible force, and to clutch in his terrific grip all the powers of my being.

CHAPTER II.



I HAD not been long alone under the roof of my farmer, before I received a visit from Holloway. It is sufficiently obvious with what feelings I met him. Toleration, and a search for topics of favourable construction, was no part of my character. He approached me with an air of great self-complacency. His figure was what is commonly termed portly, though the activity of his thoughts gave to it occasionally an unexpected adroitness; and it was clothed upon this occasion with an ample portion of drapery, his pockets being further swel-

led with accounts, inventories, leases, and bonds.

“ Well, Mr Mandeville,” said he, “ we have begun with being excellent friends. You have had sufficient occasion to observe the frankness and directness of my character. I have sought no mysteries; I have laid every thing before you with the utmost explicitness. I have scorned to take refuge in the idea of your being a minor, and incompetent to the management of your affairs. For my share, I have never done any thing that I have reason to be ashamed of; and therefore it is my desire to take you along with me, and receive your opinion upon every thing I am called on to do. Your judgment is far above your years; and it will be great advantage to me at present, and honourable acquittance hereafter, to consult it.”

Saying this, he caused a large table to be brought into the middle of the room, and properly displayed. He next began

to unload his person, pocket after pocket, of the heterogeneous cargo with which it was enveloped. He then called to his servants, to bring in five or six cloak-bags of formidable dimensions, well stuffed with similar materials. One by one, these were each extracted from its "concealing continent," and scattered, and classed, and piled upon this portentous table.

I looked on in silence at the long-drawn preparation. My sensations were none of the most comfortable. I considered with great truth that this was in some sort a trial what I was to be for years, perhaps for the rest of my life. I had the worst opinion of that integrity of the solicitor, of which he vaunted so loudly. I knew that, if I would be the conscientious administrator of that property, which the order of society was placing under my control, I must at some time become a man of business; and, if at some time, perhaps the sooner the better. I know not that there did not rise up in my

bosom, mingled with these sage and virtuous reasonings, an alloy of youthful vanity, proud to be called in to the administration of an ample revenue, and resolved to show to my guest that I was equal to the task, which I should otherwise have suspected that in derision he had set before me.

Mallison was now introduced, as our assessor, and the assistant of his uncle in the task which impended. He was just of my own age ; but he had already been initiated in the details, to which I was utterly a novice. He had been accounted a dull boy at school ; but, I know not how it is, there are some businesses for which dulness seems to be a qualification. There is a sort of labyrinthian progress, and circuitous drudgery, in which it has a thousand times been found, that a blockhead is fitted to make the more brilliant and luminous figure.

I sat down to my task with these choice and amiable companions. " Yes," said I,

“ I will be a man of business ; I will understand my own affairs ; I will exercise a perspicacity, that no subterfuge and trick shall be able to elude.”

I adhered to this resolution for three whole days. It is inconceivable what I suffered during this period. Holloway was a master in his art ; he knew how to “ perplex, and dash maturest counsels,” and to congregate a cloud that should baffle the acutest vision ; and Mallison, with his tedious elucidations, dictated by an apprehension, that groped in the dark, and was yet to seek in the very elements of the subject which with inexhaustible flounderings he undertook to explain, was still more intolerable than his leader. What I should have made of the questions before me, stranger as I was to every thing of the sort, without their perverse assistance, I am unable to pronounce. But, entering upon them as I did, the further I investigated, the more ignorant I grew.

I bore all this with the horrors of the damned. Such is the nature of the human mind (I speak at least for myself) that no train of thinking goes on in the brain, however earnest and overwhelming, that there are not at the same time subordinate trains and episodes, that perform their peculiar revolutions, without seeming to interrupt the larger and more comprehensive machinery. When I studied the pages of Homer, of Dante, or Ariosto, conceptions that related to Penruddock and Clifford would obtrude themselves, uncalled for and unwelcome, without appearing to require any reference or association from the ideas of the author, to introduce them. I could talk, or I could write with earnestness, amidst visitations of this kind, without any danger that the abhorred intruder should mix with or interrupt what I wrote or what I said. Its torments were secret, and my voice and my pen disdained to confess them. But it is worst of all, when you are occupied with an

ungrateful theme, which seems to answer no other purpose than to chain the body and the mind in a constrained stilness. I never thought of Clifford, and my past mortifications, and all that I believed was in store for me in future, with such depression and wretchedness of mind, as when I was employed in auditing the accounts of Holloway, and listening to his ample explanations of base fees, and fees simple, and fees in tail, and all the complicated jargon that successive centuries have caused to grow out of the feudal system.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the sublime obscurities of Holloway's explanations, he contrived to chequer the darkness with now and then a solitary coruscation, adapted to show his exactness in accounts, the conscientiousness of his detail, and the purity of his administration. Whatever a man greatly desires to believe, it is no difficult task for him to persuade himself is true. Detesting these details as I did, feeling more and more

every hour the impossibility of my sustaining the burthen, I willingly yielded to the idea, that what I was now called on to do, was not less superfluous, than unpleasing. I knew that Holloway was selfish ; I well understood the cause and the circumstances of his connection with my uncle ; but there was something to my apprehension so plausible in his statements, and so clear in his official details, that I repeatedly said within myself, “ At least he is honest here. Man is a being of a mixed nature ; and, as there is no integrity without its flaws, so is there no man so knavish, but that in some things he may be trusted.”

In a word, my artful solicitor and guardian completely carried his point. I threw up the question of being my own steward in despair ; I owned my weakness ; and even intreated him to take all trouble of that kind upon himself. I pushed away my chair from the well incumbered table, caught up my hat, sallied forth among the breezes

and the objects of nature, and bid adieu to accounts, and the intricacies of management of an estate, for the most part, for ever. The recollection of these three days of torment, of an occupation so different from any thing to which I had been previously accustomed, with objects so repulsive, and persons so alien to my taste, at no time by any length of interval faded from my memory.

Holloway and Mallison took their leave, and I was once more alone. I could see marks of a greater degree of communication between them and the farmer, my landlord, than I could exactly account for. As I kept up the punctilio of never receiving them at my own table at the period of meals, this forced upon them a certain degree of intercourse with the family. There was nevertheless a deference and even servility expressed by the farmer towards this limb of the law, more than well accorded

with my ideas of an English yeoman, especially in these republican times.

Now however I was once more alone ; and the sad and solemn tone of my character became still less interrupted. Whoever looked upon me might see, that I was a human creature cut off from my fellows, and blighted by some awful visitation. Seldom I spoke ; still seldomer I looked any other man in the face. If, in my solitary rambles, the veriest rustic crossed my path, I struck away into some other direction, and avoided him. My brow became habitually knit ; my eye was wild, roving and fierce ; my manner grew in a striking degree morose and repulsive. I perceived that, wherever I appeared among my inferiors or dependents, I produced a sort of terror : if they could have seen my heart, they would have soon been convinced, that I was better entitled to excite their pity than their fear. My flesh gradually wasted

from my bones ; my skin for ever glowed and burned with the fever of my mind ; my nights were restless, vexatious and wearisome ; and I became so acutely sensitive, that almost the dropping of a pin discomposed me.

CHAPTER III.



I WAS in this frame and temper of mind, when a small packet was one morning brought me by the arrival of the post. It contained nothing but a number of the *Mercurius Politicus*, a weekly newspaper of the times. There was no writing of any kind in the packet; and I could never tell with certainty from whom it came. For my part, I was no hunter after news. It was a thought alien from my condition, which I regarded as cut off from the congregation of the living world. The only histories, as I have said, that arrested my attention, were those of the nations of an-

tiquity. Wherever I perceived the word England, I seemed to myself to behold the names, Penruddock, Wagstaff, and Clifford. My senses dazzled; my eyes saw double, or rather fluctuated in a vision, where every thing danced, and nothing was distinct; and my mind was turned into uproar, confusion and anarchy. The arrival of this newspaper to my address, was a singular circumstance; and I cast my eye over its columns, with a feeling of something between curiosity and listlessness, to see whether I could readily discern why it had been brought me. My eye was true to my disease; and I presently saw in *Italic* letters the terrifying words, "Lionel Clifford." The paragraph was to this purpose.

"It is with great concern that we announce to our readers the following melancholy fact. On the 24th of November last, George, Earl of Bristol, who, under the name of Lord Digby, made so notorious and disgraceful a figure in our civil wars,

to the precipitate commencement of which he by his evil counsels mainly contributed, together with six young gentlemen of considerable families in England, made a public renunciation of the Protestant religion, and were reconciled to the Romish communion in the cathedral of Ghent. The bishop preached a sermon on the occasion; and the day was observed by the inhabitants with every demonstration of joy." Among the names of the six gentlemen, satellites of the Earl, was that of my ancient adversary.

Certainly this was a material piece of intelligence to those who, like me, regarded themselves as adherents of the house of Stuart. The Reformation had become the established system of the church of England for about one hundred years. The adherents of the Romish faith however, throughout Christendom, possessed in a formidable degree the advantages of combination and policy, and had never lost sight of

the design, to restore this important branch of the commonwealth of Europe to the obedience of Mother Church. The reign of Elizabeth had been incessantly disturbed with plots and conspiracies; and the memorable Gunpowder Treason sufficiently showed what had been the temper and thoughts of the zealots of the Romish faith in the beginning of King James. The expulsion of the royal family, and the abolition of monarchical government in England, were melancholy events to the lovers of our genuine political constitution, but had been the occasion of infusing fresh hopes into the mind of the true Catholic. “God, by the finger of his Providence,” he said, “had conducted the royal family of England, three young princes of the highest hope, to countries where the Romish religion predominated, for their education.” From this moment all Jesuits and zealots for this cruel religion, had considered it as their choicest vocation, to reconcile these young princes

to the creed, which had constituted the faith of the church of Christ for so many ages. They never entertained a doubt that the ancient government and royal family of England would speedily be restored; and they fondly believed that this calamitous train of events had been chosen by the Almighty, as the effectual means of bringing back his beloved people of this island to the flock of Christ. From the first they had had the queen-mother, not only for their sincere, but their indefatigable partisan: it was suspected by many who had the best means of information, that the Duke of York was gone over to the enemy; and the greatest alarm was entertained, lest the king and his youngest brother should equally fall victims to the pernicious arts of the Romish priesthood.

It may easily be supposed what a melancholy anticipation this afforded to me. "After the straitest sect of our religion, I was" bred a Protestant. I looked upon Po-

perty as the lowest pit of disgrace and calamity, into which human beings could fall. I was more convinced, that the adherents of that faith laboured under the everlasting wrath and displeasure of God, than I was of the condemnation of the idolatrous heathens of former ages. "The corruption of the best thing becomes the worst;" and Popery was the corruption of that adorable dispensation, in which the second person in the Trinity had assumed flesh, and died on the cross for the salvation of men. It substituted for divine truths the inventions of men; it changed the meek religion of the holy Jesus into a stupendous engine of pride, insolence and oppression, and his pure precepts into a cover for licentiousness, and a method of compromising with our basest lusts for the gain of the spiritual treasury. Such were my sentiments respecting it, whenever it prevailed. From this yoke of ignominy and mischief my countrymen had been glori-

ously delivered. They had not only cast off the authority of a foreign usurper over the souls of men: they had beside disengaged themselves from the tyranny of an episcopal hierarchy, that last remnant of the corruptions of Rome. No people so well understood, such was the conviction of my mind, the principles of true religion, and the "liberty with which Christ has made us free," as the people of England. What a calamitous presentiment then must I entertain, of the attempt of a Popish king and royal family to bring us back to the subjection, from which we had so illustriously and so providentially escaped! My mind was distracted, like that of many other presbyterians of this time, between attachment to my King, and a longing desire to see him restored, on the one hand, and a fear of nameless and incalculable mischiefs from this source, on the other. Had the apostacy of the house of Stuart from the principles of the Reformation

stood before my mind as a fact, I know not how my sentiments of loyalty would have borne up against it : but I could not allow an hypothesis and a possible mischief, to outweigh my duty as an English subject, however that very possibility might fill me with anxious forebodings for the future.

Such were the feelings, as they regarded the public, that were excited in my breast, by the perusal of this memorable intelligence. But my feelings, with respect to the public, were quickly swallowed up by the consideration of the individual. This is for the most part the nature of the human mind. Abstractions and generalities are subjects of our moral reasonings : while we contemplate them, we are conscious of a certain elevation, that is flattering to the mind of man : but it is only through the imagination, and when we apply our reflections to an individual, when the subject upon which our thoughts are occupied,

comes before us clothed in flesh and blood, and presents a set of features and a sensible reality, that our passions are roused through every fibre of the heart.

Clifford then was the figure upon which my thoughts rested. Clifford, the apostate ! Clifford, the renegade ! One would have imagined, that such a tale of the man that I hated would have been gratifying to my inmost feelings. It was not so. My mind was all confusion and uproar. I was pleased, and I was displeased. Hatred, when the cause that creates it is felt to be most substantial, is the farthest on earth from being a soothing and a consolatory sentiment.

An apostate was to my ideas the being most worthy of inextinguishable abhorrence. To him, who, “ after having received the knowledge of the truth,” falls away, and deserts the divine fountain of mercy, “ there remains no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment.” And

such was Clifford ! He had been bred in the pure Protestant faith. I saw well enough what was the cause of his profession of the Roman Catholic religion. The head of his family, the man from whom he expected the succession of an ample estate, was a Papist ; and this was the condition upon which he was to be allowed to inherit this wealth. He was not deceived ; he was puzzled by no ambiguities ; he was misled by no sophistries ; he sinned against the clearest light, and the most certain knowledge. Clifford had sold his expectation in the world to come. There is one memorable instance on record in the Scriptures, of a man who bartered his redeemer for certain pieces of silver : and the name of that man was Judas Iscariot. An action, how wretched, and how vile ! “ What shall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ? ” This is the crime, over which the blessed

Jesus paints himself as triumphing with pious exultation : “ He that shall deny me before men, him also will I deny before my Father, and before all his holy angels.”

Religion is the most important of all things, the great point of discrimination that divides the man from the brute. It is our special prerogative, that we can converse with that which we cannot see, and believe in that the existence of which is reported to us by none of our senses. Such is the abstract and exalted nature of man. This it is that constitutes us intellectual, and truly entitles us to the denomination of reasonable beings. All that passes before the senses of the body, is a scenic exhibition ; and he that is busied about these fantastic appearances, “ walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain.” Invisible things are the only realities ; invisible things alone are the things that shall remain.

What then is he that stakes at the basest

game, this first of human considerations? All other vices, crimes, profligacies, call them by what name you please, are trifles to this. What care I in the comparison, for the plunderer, the ravisher, and the homicide, for him that sacks whole cities, and lays waste a whole generation of mankind? The apostate does what in him lies to murder the God, that made him and all of us. He expresses in action, much more emphatically than the atheist in words, that there is no Almighty. Poor, senseless, groveling wretch, who knows nothing but what he sees, and is affected by nothing but what feeds his appetites, or pampers his vanity! This is the true disgrace. I thought myself disgraced, because it had been said of me by a few mistaken men, that I was disloyal to my King, unfaithful to my engagements, a liar, and a hypocrite. What was this, compared with the ignominy of Clifford? All mankind have agreed to regard with the foulest abhorrence

the man, that deserts the religion in which he was trained, and, by making light of his allegiance to heaven, convinces us at what price he will estimate all meaner bonds of duty, veracity, humanity and honour.

In one respect I will own my very heart was lightened, by being enabled to consider Clifford under this new aspect. The bitterest agony perhaps I had hitherto felt, arose from a struggle between the certainty that I hated him, and the secret suspicion, from which I could not free myself, that he did not deserve to be hated. To me he was odious, he was loathsome. But I saw plain enough, that other men regarded him with complacency, that his presence made a little holiday, and that the very doors flew wide, and leaped from off their hinges, to give him entrance. I knew full well, that all the miserable sufferings I had ever experienced, came to me from Clifford, that his intervention had blasted my days, and devoted my life to horrors without

end. Yet no man, and especially no very young man, is guilty of a crying injustice, but his conscience smites him, and his heart quails at the thought. At times I felt myself compelled to admire Clifford, and to subscribe to his innocence and his worth ; and this was to me the consummation of miseries.

“ Thank God,” I said to myself, “ all that is at an end ! I may now hate him as much as I please with a safe conscience. He now looks ‘lovelily dreadful’ in my eyes, even as he would look, if he were going, smeared with the blood of both his parents, which he had just shed, hardened and blasted with impenitence, to be broken on the wheel. Thank God, he has thrown off the mask, and shown himself for what he is ! Yes, I always knew him ; an unerring instinct always showed me the exact measure of his worth. But he walked about in false colours, cloked and disguised from the world’s eye, and passed himself for a vir-

tuous man and a hero. What a relief is sympathy ! What a burthen insupportable, to be penetrated with a sentiment and a passion, in which no human being partakes ! Yes, I am a man again : I can once more walk abroad among my species : and, whatever secret wound I may bear about me in other respects, I need no longer conceal my hatred. I can say to every one I meet, *Do you not see that Clifford ? Do you not in your heart pass upon him the same judgment that I do ?*"

Strange as it may appear, with this new aggravation of his deformity, I nevertheless in some degree pitied him. He was blasted by the eye-beam of God, even as the unfortunate victims we read of in the heathen mythology, who by one glance of the visage of Medusa were turned into stones. His power was nothing ; a judgment had fallen upon him, that unthreaded all his joints, and pulverised his sinews. Poor wretch ! what could he do ? whom could

he trust? He had a voice that could persuade no man, and that, like what I have somewhere read of the "Palace of Truth," when he uttered all his glosings and varnished tales, turned them, unconsciously to the speaker, into mockeries, and warnings that no man should believe. Who would be his ally? All men would fly him with horror; they would fear some horrible mischief growing out of his bare presence; they would gaze, with "hairs upstaring stiff, dismayed with uncouth dread," and then fly from him, as if all that was deadly to our nature was to be avoided by their escape. I had read the "Relation of the Fearful Estate of Francis Spira;" and such a man I accounted Clifford. Spira told those who visited him, that he was "for ever accursed from the presence of God, and that there remained for him nothing but everlasting damnation;" and I believed him. For the space of eight weeks he slept not, day nor night; he ate

not ; he was burned with a consuming fever ; yet was all the time in a tremendous state of sober understanding, capable of reasoning and discussing with whoever approached him. Who but must pity a man fallen into “ the Fearful Estate of Francis Spira ? ”

Even so I pitied Clifford. Yes, I mourned over him ; but it was with the pity of a bigot. I sorrowed for his affliction, even as Bellarmine or Saint Thomas Aquinas might be supposed to sorrow for the irreversible sentence of the prince of devils. I sorrowed with the true sympathies that were felt by the persecutors of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who consigned their bodies to be burnt for their heresy, and prayed God, if in his unerring justice he saw fit, that he would have commiseration of their impenitent souls. Well said the inspired Psalmist of old, if I may be allowed so to accommodate his phrase : “ *The tender mercies of the bigot are cruel.* ” “ Who

are we," say such men, "that we should blasphemously murmur against the righteous judgments of the All Merciful?"

I make it a law to myself in this narrative, now when all is over, and hatreds and heart burnings are at length buried in the silence of the grave, not to relate any thing to the disadvantage of Clifford, without at the same time producing his side of the question, and stating, not merely how I saw the things that exasperated me, but also what they were in themselves. This is the least expiation I can make. All that I have said of his having been trained in the clear light of Protestant principles, is gratuitous. He was indeed descended from an impoverished, and by some accident a Protestant, branch of a great family, whose leading members had never in any instance swerved from the ancient faith. But his friends were few ; and the virtues by which he was distinguished, rather drew their birth from the admirable predispositions

with which nature had endowed him, than from any pains that had been taken with his moral education. He had scarcely heard any thing more of religion, than was contained in the public service of the church, and in the regular, but to him somewhat uninteresting, precepts and expositions of a pedagogue. His mother had done nothing more for him, than obtain him an exhibition at Winchester College, that he might be a gentleman, and watch over and cherish him daily with the anxieties of her widowed love. The affection she bore him was ardent and unalterable, and amply did he return it; but the extent of her intellectual powers bore no proportion to the strength of her regard.

In the course of the present year it had happened, that a distant and wealthy relation of Clifford had lost his only son, and became anxious respecting the succession of his estate. Within no long period he had been the father of four children; but,

together with his wife, they had all died within a short time of each other, and left him the solitary survivor of a once cheerful and affectionate circle. In the pride of his prosperity he had treated all applications relative to my late schoolfellow with disdain, and had even refused to contribute the most scanty pittance to fit him out in the world. But calamity had softened the old man's nature. He looked out for an heir: the praises of this youth, to which at the time he seemed to turn a deaf and unconceiving ear, now came fresh and unimpaired to his thoughts, as if they had this moment been uttered. He sent for Clifford, and found him all, and more than all, his fondest wishes had anticipated. The old man was like a reverend and time-worn oak, upon whom a thousand tempests had wasted their fury; and now he seemed to find, in this adopted stranger, the only prop that interposed between him and entire prostration. The loss of all his children had nearly produced

the effect of snapping the thread of his existence; and one memorable change it effected in his character. He had hitherto shut up his affections in his domestic circle, and been hard and unfeeling to all the world beside. Now he felt the full retribution of this, and found the necessity of having something to love, and by which to be loved, elsewhere. His fondness for the youth whom he protected, mounted to the utmost extravagance; he thought he could never do enough for him; he could scarcely bear him out of his sight. There was one thing however that still clouded the old man's days, and saddened his heart. It was the pride of his race, the distinction they set up between themselves and the herd of these degenerate days, that they had never swerved from the religion that Augustine, the monk, had planted in the island more than a thousand years before, and to which Archbishop Becket and Sir Thomas More had fallen illustrious

martyrs. He was miserable therefore, till Clifford should be reconciled to his Holy Mother, and assume the sacred symbol and proud distinction of his progenitors.

For the young man himself, it was impossible for any one to be more free from the spirit of a sycophant, or less disposed to be a hunter after ample legacies and a rich inheritance. It has already been seen, and will be seen still more hereafter, that he was careless to an extraordinary degree about the advantages of wealth, and had devoted himself, heart and soul, to the love of independence. But his nature was penetrated with the tenderest sensibilities. He could not resist the old man's demonstrations of fervent attachment ; he felt that he owed to his love, though not to his rent-roll, every deference it was in his power to express. He ruminated with compassion upon his patron's hard situation ; his children, genuine adherents to the religion of their parent, had grown up " like olive

plants about his table ;” and now he had no one to console himself with in their room, but a kinsman six times removed, and over whose spiritual estate he wept daily as a heretic. Clifford was however slow to change, and meditated the act with frequent hesitations ; but the consideration of the old man’s peace at last decided him. The priest, who resided as chaplain in the family, was a person of great integrity and simplicity of character. He was deeply read in the controversies between the two churches : and what with the superiority of his knowledge of the subject, the strength of his reasonings, the goodness of his heart, and the pure Christianity of his temper, Clifford found himself powerfully beset. All these at least served for no contemptible allies, in recommendation of that conduct to which his affectionate nature so strongly prompted him

CHAPTER IV.



I HAD continued only a few months in my Derbyshire retreat, when Holloway and Mallison once more made their appearance. This time it did not seem as if their visit was principally intended to me; they were rather guests to my landlord, the farmer. Holloway paid his respects to me, enquired whether every thing went on well, or there was any thing I wished should be otherwise; but seemed anxious to make his visits short and unobtrusive. At another time Mallison came in, and, after salutations given and received, informed me that he was going to ride over next morn-

ing to the nearest market-town, and asked whether there was any commission he could execute for me. This went on for days. I thought it strange; but I felt a repugnance to enquiring into the matter. After all, I was not the master of the house, but merely the tenant of a certain part of it; and I had no right to call the farmer to account, as to what visitors he chose to receive at his own board. Still I should have been glad, that his guests, if guests he had, should rather have been persons that were entire strangers to me.

After some time I perceived further operations. Various articles of furniture were brought in, in carts, and in waggons. Carpenters and other workmen arrived; and it was plain that some alteration was in hand as to the appropriation of certain parts of the building. One room I could perceive was in the act of being fitted up in the manner of an attorney's office, with desks, and shelves, and compartments for the re-

ception of deeds and leases and other documents of legal importance. Still I looked on, undecided in mind, sometimes full of indignation that such measures should be pursued without the smallest intimation or deference towards me, and sometimes, heart-sick as I was of the fooleries and fopperies of the world, disdaining to consider what such reptiles and worthless animals might think proper to imagine or to act. The drama advanced, and the *denouement* at length became plain: the farmer and his family, who were the mere creatures of Holloway, finally disappeared; and my guardian, and his retinue, whether of a domestic sort, or appertaining to his craft, were established in their room. The procedure all together, reminded me of the irregular way in which this same person had obtruded himself as an inmate of my uncle's residence in Dorsetshire; and I could not help applying to him the denomination which I have seen somewhere appropriated.

to a distinguished theological mummer, of "the most impudent man living." I however felt deeply convinced in my heart, that I was not yet such a one as my unfortunate uncle, and that this blushless mountebank should never make a property of me.

Every thing being completed to his mind, Holloway now waited upon me in person to give me an explanation of the whole. He said, that he perceived I had no turn for the drudgery of business, and he had therefore been casting about in his thoughts, how he could most effectually free me from the intrusion I abhorred. His obligations to my late worthy uncle were of so unspeakable magnitude, that he should feel no sacrifice too much, to advantage his successor. He had therefore determined to give up his professional connections in Dorsetshire, valuable as they were, that the industry of himself and his nephew might be wholly devoted to my accommodation. At the distance at which we were other-

wise placed, applications of a disagreeable nature might be obtruded upon me, which it would now be in his power to intercept; and I might stand in need of consultations, for which it would be in many ways inconvenient to me to wait the return of the courier. With any other person, he should doubtless have felt it his duty to submit his project for approbation previously to its being carried into execution, and to have governed himself by the decision of his principal; but he saw plainly the propensity of my mind, and he had thought it became him to conform to it. I was melancholy; and he hoped by substituting himself, who was wholly devoted to my service, and his nephew, my old school-fellow, for my neighbours and inmates, instead of the farmer and his men, to benefit me that way. I did not love business; I did not love to be called on to form a resolution: and he had accommodated himself to both these peculiarities, by doing in this instance

what my interests manifestly required, without giving me the trouble to be consulted in the matter.

This harangue, notwithstanding all I had previously observed, took me so much by surprise, that I did not choose to commit myself, by instantly giving the answer which arose to my lips. The very idea of so intimate an alliance with persons so little agreeable to my disposition, was hateful to my soul. I had resolved to cut myself off from every thing that wore the human form. It was sufficient, in conformity with that resolution, that I suffered the attendance of the servants of my landlord, the farmer. I was not exactly prepared for the condition of a hermit, living on roots, and passing my days in one uninterrupted train of contemplation ; and therefore some service from other men was necessary to me. The situation in which I was placed on my arrival in Derbyshire, was such as my wishes pointed out to me. I might

use the persons that approached me, as mere machines. I neither knew, nor desired to know, any thing about their history, their occupations, or their feelings. They were to me like a dumb waiter, or the instrument constructed by the smith, and by courtesy called a "footman:" they did what I required, and I was no further concerned with them. But with my guardian, and my ancient school-fellow, I could not feel thus at my ease. I might resolve to treat them with superciliousness and disdain, and to take no notice of them as they passed: but they stood in such relations to me, that it would be difficult to maintain this form of behaviour, without feeling a sort of contention within, no less hostile to my peace than the utmost degree of familiarity would have proved.

Though I returned therefore no answer to Holloway, when he announced to me the plot he had formed, I was not the less seriously bent upon defeating its execution.

I could never consent, I thought, that this presumptuous pettifogger of the law should hold me in his shackles. Was it to be endured, that he and his kinsman should intrude upon me whenever they pleased, that they should watch every thing I did, and be acquainted with all my motions? I might as well be a prisoner at once. My condition would differ from that of a captive in nothing but the name. The poorest peasant is in a certain degree at liberty to choose his own domicile, and to have no other person dwelling under the same roof with him, except such as he had previously contemplated and subscribed to: and should I allow myself to be placed in a situation more servile than that of a peasant? My whole soul rose against the thought. Nor did the insolent manner in which Holloway's purpose had been effected, by any means tend to make it more palatable to me. I saw therefore in its genuine light the character of the solicitor,

and the nets with which he was preparing to entangle me.

In the mean time I did not immediately perceive how I was to free myself from my perplexity. If my guardian had proceeded in a manner less audacious, and had signified to me his project before it was carried into execution, I should undoubtedly have declared myself against it in a manner the most strenuous and inflexible. But every thing was finished, before an obvious opportunity to do so was thrown into my hands. The farmer and his family were gone, and the newly arrived were already installed in their appointments. I could not expel Holloway ; I could only withdraw myself. To do that in the most becoming way, it seemed necessary, that I should begin with providing my own future habitation. Affronted, as I conceived myself to be, by the extraordinary behaviour of my guardian, I could not quite reconcile it to my ideas of propriety, in this

manner to throw down the gauntlet, while I continued to reside, and did not know how long I should find it necessary to reside, in the same house.

My mind was full of perplexity and tumult. I shut myself up, more than I had ever yet been accustomed to. When my occasions or my inclination prompted me to go out of my apartment, I asked myself, "Now, the moment I open the door, shall I not meet these scoundrels?" My first impulse was to watch, or to enquire, that I might avoid the encounter. But my second thought was, to disdain such subjugation and slavery. I sallied forth, desperate and contemptuous. Often I saw nothing of them : when I did, for the most part I scowled, and turned away in silence. On their side, they well knew the cue it became them to follow. They did not obtrude themselves. In the generality of instances they adopted the behaviour my carriage seemed to prescribe.

What is there so offensive, to which habit has not the power to reconcile us? I knew not how to proceed in the migration I contemplated. I was young and inexperienced. Should I take my horse, and, riding about among the neighbouring villages, endeavour in the first place to ascertain by ocular survey, what situation I could discover that would be most agreeable to my inclinations? I did so. I never went out, without being attended by a servant on horseback. I entered once or twice into conversation with the servant, the consideration in my own mind being, "Where shall I now fix my abode?" and endeavoured to elicit such hints from his exacter knowledge of the vicinity, as should direct me in my choice. Still my purpose was, to take Holloway by surprise, even as he had surprised me, and that he should know nothing of my plan of removal, till every thing that related to it was fully arranged. With this view it was necessary,

that I should lead my servant to speak upon topics connected with my secret mind, without allowing him to penetrate into its workings. I used the same policy with certain persons, who were engaged in plans for the alteration and improvement of my estate. Alas, how vain and fruitless were my precautions ! The profound sagacity of Holloway enabled him to read my most covered thoughts ; and, while I, with the gravity of a privy counsellor, set myself to elude his observation, he was considering and settling in his mind, how the whole might best be caused to terminate in the manner he wished.

I returned from my excursions, perplexed and undecided. When I alighted from my ride, it was contrived by this master-craftsman, that nothing should occur to exasperate my uneasiness. His plan was, that, without seeming to be in the slightest degree conscious of my dissatisfaction, his nephew and he should exert themselves to

the utmost of their power, to soothe my humour, and reconcile me to the change that had been effected.

The character of Mallison had by this time become entirely the reverse of what it had appeared when he was a school-boy. At school he seemed to have no pleasure so great as that of giving pain to another; and there was a disinterestedness in his malice, that was truly exemplary. He tormented his fellows from the express relish he felt in the faculty of tormenting; and the writhings and anguish they betrayed under his knife, were the sole harvest he sought. With admirable coolness and presence of mind he engaged in his favourite sport; and the transports it internally afforded him, never ruffled one feature of his face, or imparted the slightest vestige of impetuosity or emotion to one articulation of his voice. I have called it sport, nor can there be a more appropriate term. He had all the keenness of a sportsman, joined

with all the composure and *sang froid* of the most consummate general in the heat of an engagement. In the pursuit of his game he lost sight of all incidental considerations. He spared neither friend nor foe. To vary the metaphor, he thought not at all of warding his own person from danger, so he might make one successful home-thrust at his adversary.

Since the time that I had lost sight of him, he had fallen under the tuition of the accomplished Holloway ; and Holloway was a preceptor of quite another order, than Dr Pottinger, the head-master of Winchester College, in modelling the character of an ingenuous youth. He opened upon the apprehensions of his nephew a system of morals, quite different from any he had had a previous conception of. Holloway was a sort of *amateur*, and assimilated every thing to the laws of natural history. He taught Mallison, that the world of mankind was made up of two distinct species of beings,

which he denominated, by one extensive classification, "wise men and fools," and that between these two there was a natural war, the one being destined to become a prey to the other. A wise man, according to Holloway's definition, was one, who kept a steady eye to his own interests, was fruitful of expedients to promote them, and restrained by no weak scruples in their employment. The wisdom of all other sets of men he regarded as folly; the vaunting pretensions of science and philosophy, in comparison with this, were the drivellings of an idiot.

"The whole world," he said, "the civilised world, was a scene of warfare under the mask of civility. Every man grasped for himself what he could, and every man oppressed his neighbour. The rich man oppressed the poor; and that was his supreme delight. Such a man came into the world with a token of good fortune on his forehead; and he was a lord over his fel-

lows, merely because chance so decreed it. For the rest of mankind, who were born to nothing, they must kick, and scramble, and snatch the good things of the world as they could, or be content to pine for ever in degradation and misery. Honesty was a starving quality, set up by powerful villainy for its own ease and safety. It was in reality an imaginary existence, like truth, much talked of, never to be found. The rich man made no scruple to consume upon his unnatural appetites, what, diffused, would produce health and comfort to hundreds; and the laws, which were framed by the rich exclusively for the protection of their monopoly, bore them out in this. But the injustice was much more glaring and beyond controversy, than that of the man, who took by force the property of another on the highway, and gallantly ventured his neck for the supply of his wants.

“ But our lot is ‘ fallen to us in pleasant places, and verily we have a goodly heri-

tage.' It is no longer necessary for him who wishes to possess himself of the good things of this world, to the disposal of which he is not born, to sally forth with guns, and swords, and the various instruments of offence. There is one little instrument with which he opens the purse of his neighbour with much less risk of miscarriage, than with staves, and cutlasses, and bludgeons,—a smile. This is the engine, by means of which the smooth shopkeeper behind his counter, contrived to enrich himself at the expence of his customers. Flattery is the art, that makes him who is accomplished in it, the master of the masters of the earth. Tickle the palm of the rich man, and the gold falls from his gripe, and is all your own. And of all professions and callings on the face of the globe, the lawyer is most advantageously disposed, to enable him to sweep the wealth of the world into his coffers. But for this purpose he must be master of his passions, and perfect in the

art of self-control. Nothing must irritate him ; nothing must divert his eye from the object of his pursuit ; nothing must turn him aside from the steadiness of his aim. Go on coolly and resolutely, in the path that I have trod before you ; regard mankind as your implements merely ; you will say, they have a soul and sense ; but have no consideration for that, except so far as by those feelings they may be made the more subservient to your purpose. This is the true philosophy, never to be turned aside by any meaner suggestion from the great end you have in view. What the ancients styled philosophy was a mere name, pursued for ostentation and vain-glorious purposes only ; but the principle I recommend, has for its destination and its haven, not a phantom, but a substantial reality."

Never was a pupil that did more honour to his preceptor than Mallison. He drank in these lessons of sublunary wisdom, as the young poet has been feigned to quaff the

Heliconian streams ; and his very soul was refreshed. In fact, his methods of action according to this creed, were the same as those with which nature had instinctively inspired him ; his end only was changed. As a school-boy, he had always been dispassionate and collected, watching where to plunge the murderous knife with most desperate effect, and exploring the nerve where torture might be most powerfully awakened. His hint was now, to cringe, to fawn, and to flatter ; but with the same impassive observation of the effects he produced, and the same supernatural deadness of emotion to the interests and the happiness of those respecting whom his projects were conversant.

CHAPTER V.



THINGS were nearly in this situation, when an incident occurred that marvellously helped forward the project of my guardian and his kinsman. I have sufficiently painted the disturbed and unhinged condition of my mind. To the man who has a spring of uneasiness in his own bosom, external sources of emotion are often peculiarly grateful. Yet the difficulty is to find those, that a mind diseased can bear. I could not go into the world; I could not bear the intercourse of my species. I could not endure to seek the abodes of distress: for, in doing so, I should be annoyed with

the observation of others ; and I should have to encounter that, which, perhaps of all things in the world, in my frame of thinking I most irresistibly shrank from, the thanks and the praise of those who witnessed my actions. The emotion I required, was that which should demand no effort on my part, and which no annoying spectator should stand by and observe. One species was brought to my thoughts by accident, which had all these qualities ; and I immediately seized on it with eagerness.

This was the act of riding ; the simply mounting upon my horse, and pushing him along the downs and the forest-paths at a rapid pace. I could not bear to join in the chace, or to make my appearance any where in the resorts of men. But the motion of a horseman was agreeable to me ; it communicated a new alacrity to the circulation of the blood ; it excited the animal spirits ; and the way in which hills and plains and the clouds of heaven fly away and succeed

each other, to him that travels swiftly, had something in it that brought nameless relief to my wearied spirit. The very fatigue that I felt resulting from this exercise, was grateful; and, while engaged in it, it often happened to me, though not always, that I forgot Clifford, and Lisle, and Penruddock, and every thing that again and again had planted a dagger in my soul.

From a love of the exercise of riding, I came, by a very natural transition, to a love of the animal by whom this pleasure was communicated to me. When once my mind had taken this turn, it produced a sensation soothing to my misanthropy. I said to myself, "At length I have found a noble animal, that has none of the vices of my own species. He will never flatter and deceive me; he will never form plots for my undoing; he will never conspire with the treacherous and the base, to rob me of my fair fame, and to level me without cause with the vilest." When I was not on horse-

back, I would often go out into the fields, on a sort of visit to the creatures for whom I had conceived this partiality. My harassed spirit was not in a tone to make the first overtures to this species of friendship ; but it somehow happened, that my favourite mare saw me at a distance, uttered a neigh of pleasure, and trotted up to the spot where I stood. I was pleased with the circumstance, and determined to improve upon the opening that thus presented itself. I repeated my visits frequently about the same hour, patted the animal's neck, and brought with me, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, which the creature eagerly and proudly accepted at my hands. Perhaps all gregarious animals are imitative ; the other horses in the field followed the example of the first, and seemed to emulate each other in courting my favour.

The more I addicted myself to horses and horse-exercise, the more curious I became in my choice of the animals I rode.

The servant, who always accompanied me in my excursions of this sort, was himself an expert jockey. This circumstance produced a considerable degree of familiarity between us. I loved to speak of any thing that was not man; and the gnawing pain which the trials I had sustained produced in me about the region of the heart, was soothed, and its anguish suspended, while I talked, and heard this fellow talk, of this quadruped, his noble nature, and his extraordinary merits. My groom was of course not less charmed with a topic of this leveling sort, in which he was at least as good a man as I, or was in reality decisively my superior.

My love for this species of amusement (thanks to the communicative temper of my attendant!) soon became notorious through my own and several adjacent hundreds. Many a dealer in horses, when he conceived he had got an animal of more than ordinary value, came and offered his

beast to the heir of the opulent house of Mandeville. My taste in this respect however was extremely limited : I never partook in the pleasures of the chace ; I had no share in the passion felt by many of my wealthy contemporaries for the sports of Doncaster or Newmarket. I was therefore in no danger of falling into any injurious excess of expenditure.

One day an animal of this sort was brought to me, the most beautiful my eyes ever beheld. His figure was light ; his limbs graceful ; his coat of a bright chesnut, and of an uncommonly smooth and glossy appearance. His eyes seemed full of intelligence and fire ; and the curve of his neck was peculiarly expressive of a proud and spirited character. He was young, and had hardly yet been sufficiently reduced from his coltish wildness. I bought this horse ; and he became my favourite. There was something in the intellect of my new four-footed friend, superior to that of any of

his species that I had possessed before. By practice among these animals I became more skilful in my manner of addressing them, and knew better how to adapt my approaches to their taste. This young thing was of a nature peculiarly affectionate, and showed his attachment to me in a variety of ways that I had never witnessed in his fellows. Our mutual partiality had this effect, that he became more docile and conforming to all my wishes, and I the more completely understood his dispositions, and knew how to avail myself of them with gentleness and good humour. It was a spectacle that won the admiration of the rustics, to see me mounted on this beast, so spirited, and yet so tractable. The animal himself, as I have said, was uncommonly beautiful; nor did his rider any way misbecome him. My figure was slender, and my limbs tapering; loving the exercise, and confident in my skill, I sat my horse well; my locks shadowed my forehead and

cheeks in wavy ringlets; the uncommon seriousness and sensibility of my temper gave a romantic interest to my visage; all together, I believe I may venture to say I was no ill model of a cavalier, at this period, when among multitudes a cavalier was held to be a name for the very abstract and quintessence of honour.

The admiration of strangers did not much incommode me, for by the assistance of my *monture* I could easily escape from it; and my delight was in solitudes. It happened however unfortunately for Mallison, that this was the occasion, upon which he ventured to make his first essay of that system of flattery and insinuation that he had laid down to himself. He thought, poor, senseless coxcomb! that he understood the human heart, and how to take advantage of its weakness. As I excelled in horsemanship, he took it for granted that I was vain of my accomplishment, and he had learned from his precious instructor, that “ flattery direct,

seldom disgusts." How true this maxim holds of others I cannot pretend to decide. I only know that the compliments of Mallison on this occasion excited in me inexpressible loathings, and that I manifested in a way sufficiently intelligible what was passing in my mind. I was astonished, that such a reptile should dare to profane my ears with his praise. I remembered, in an indistinct way, the gibes and scoffs and insults he had a hundred times tried to put upon me, when we were school-boys together. I say, in an indistinct way; for it has sufficiently appeared, that even at that time I never did him the honour to hate him. Yet, huddled and confused as the recollection was, it did not fail to spring up in my mind; and I was struck with no little wonder, that he, who a few years before had tried in vain to rise to the distinction of being my enemy, should now, without sinking into the earth with shame, venture to accost me with his nauseous approbation. But

Mallison could say, like Shylock in the play, "Patience is the badge of all our tribe." He stomached the contempt with which I loaded him, and lost no whit of the serenity of his countenance, and the smiles of complacency and adulation with which he was at all times prepared to meet me.

I had already for some months addicted myself to this exercise, when an accident happened, which served, at least for some time, to suspend its indulgence. I was riding rapidly along by the side of a bank, surrounded with osiers, and on the further side a hay-field. The haymakers, it seems, were reposing themselves for a short time in the shade, from the fatigue of their employment. One of them happened to catch a glance of the young squire and his favourite gelding, and named it to the rest. Four or five started up at once, stepped up the bank at the foot of which they were reclining, and began a sudden rustling among the osiers. My horse was frightened at the

sound, leaped violently to the other side of the road, and I was thrown. This was no specimen of my good horsemanship. But it was the peculiarity of my nature, to be frequently wholly absorbed in reveries. At this moment I happened to be engaged in a thousand melancholy reflections on my condition, and had no consciousness of any of the objects by which I was actually surrounded. I was as little capable of helping myself upon this sudden emergency as a man asleep. My servant hastened to my assistance, and found that I had broken my leg. My horse stood motionless by my side, in an attitude the most expressive of grief and shame that could be conceived. I was not far from my home : a sort of litter was speedily procured ; and the animal who without the least ill intention had been the cause of my casualty, followed the vehicle without a leader, with no less appearance of mourning than Homer describes in the horses of

Achilles, when Patroclus had fallen beneath the spear of Hector.

This was the incident, that threw me at once into the hands of Mallison. I was for several weeks confined to my bed under the care of the surgeons. Mallison tended my couch with unwearied care ; nor was there any species of tenderness and attention left by him undischarged. Oh, wretched condition of poor humanity ! that all those demonstrations of love and attachment which the most ardent affection can prompt, should be so perfectly imitated by a creature without a heart, conscious only to the basest selfishness, and prompted by the most sordid motives that satire in all its bitterness could desire. Such is the condition of the rich. They can scarcely ever know the real inward workings of soul of the people about them. They live in the midst of a stage-play, where every one that approaches them is a personated actor, and the lord himself is the only real character, performing

his part in good earnest, while the rest are employed in a mummary, and laugh in their hearts at the gross delusion they are practising upon him.

For fourteen days from the time I was conveyed to my bed, I was required to continue in one attitude, my body straitened, and my face turned toward the zenith. It is difficult for any one, who has not passed through an experiment of this sort, to conceive the tediousness, the weariness of spirit, and the restlessness and intolerable itching of the limbs, which such a situation produces. Human nature is capable of exhibiting a hero. But then heroism is a thing, that for the most part requires that the fire within the hero's breast, should be cherished by the presence of one or a greater number of spectators ; or, if not that, at least it is necessary, that the conception existing in the actor's or sufferer's mind, should be of something energising and great. It is less difficult to bear with serenity the bite

of a scorpion, than the stinging of a thousand insects that are nearly invisible. It is next to impossible, that what wears away and utterly dissipates the electrical fluid within us, should leave in the human heart a sense of loftiness and pride.

If such will be found the actual experience of every one that has been placed in my situation, it will easily be imagined how grievous it was to me. I bore a wound in my heart, to which the fracture I had sustained in a limb was nothing. My mind was disturbed ; the chambers and compartments of my understanding were broken up ; and twenty times a day I had been accustomed to find it necessary, by change of place to dissipate the pressure of my inward agonies, and by the violence of bodily exertions to overcome, as for a short time I was generally able to do, the sufferings of my soul.

I know not how humiliating the confession may be considered by others, but I

must ingenuously own, that my innate pride was wholly subdued and laid prostrate for the time, by my situation. I was unable to relieve myself even by the act of reading. The poorest creature, that would have come near me, and soothed me by his attentions, would have been received with an animated welcome. One of the gossips, that are hired in savage countries at so much an hour, to recite legendary stories, would have been hailed by me as an angel of light. Elaborate as are the distinctions of rank set up in civilised countries, and deeply as they are grafted into the hearts of their envied possessors, there are many other adversaries, besides Death, by which they are liable to be crumbled into dust.

In this situation Mallison, the wretched Mallison, became a favourite with me, and I was uneasy if he left my bed-side but for a moment. This fellow must be acknowledged to have been an admirable artist. He personated, as I have said, the utmost

watchfulness and tenderness. He did not value my "life at a pin's fee;" yet the part he acted proceeded from a passion as real and as deep, as if the term of his existence had been linked to mine, as closely as Meleager's to the brand of Althea. All that he did was subordinate to an end; and every syllable that he uttered, was supplied by as profound a feeling as the most disinterested friendship could have inspired. The same study furnished to him as effectually, the means of amusing my weariness, as of soothing my paroxysms. We had both been bred at the same school; and every one who has had the experience of it, knows that there is a topography of language and topics—so that every Wintonian talks the same jargon, and to a certain degree thinks the same thoughts. It was not long enough since I had resided there, for me to have lost a particle of these recollections, or of my school-boy identity; at the same time that the scenes were sufficiently distant in

months and years, to give the repetition of them a greater zest, and to interpose more of an aerial or poetic perspective between, than they would have had if recited to me in the first term after my admission at the university. In this respect my enjoyment was similar to that, when Englishman meets Englishman on the further side of the globe. Mallison likewise, though he had a mind wholly eunuch and ungenerative in matters of literature and taste, had retained with sufficient fidelity the discourses of Dr Pottinger, and could harangue like an accomplished commentator, upon the urbanities of Aristophanes, and the fragments of Menander. I have met with, though rarely, a memory of the same class as that of my present companion a person who could recite words in all their identity and primitive arrangement, without seeming to have a particle of feeling of the spirit they contained. My memory in the affair of minuteness, was certainly very inferior to

Mallison's. I therefore felt grateful to him for reviving impressions, which had once been pleasant to me, but the traces of which in my mind had become indistinct and obscure; and for the sake of the pleasurable sensations he afforded me, I felt as if it would be a sort of injustice in me, not to believe that the sound observations I heard, were the genuine growth of the speaker's understanding. By the same tenaciousness of memory he could also repeat to me many of those passages of the classics, which he had been accustomed to hear most highly applauded. Mallison too added to his other accomplishments, that of being an excellent mimic. In the pride of my soul, when in vigorous health, I had scorned so inglorious and plebeian a talent; but what will not a sick-bed reduce us to? Add to which, there is something in mimicry that is irresistible; and the generous hearer will sometimes find himself surprised by it into convulsions of laughter, even while he despises

and hates himself for the degradation. Dr Pottinger himself, and all the inferior masters in turn, by this means passed in review before me ; and it is perhaps an invariable rule, that schoolmasters, with their mock dignity, and self-satisfied airs of importance, furnish the richest field for this species of imitation. If there is a fund of real worth and superior understanding behind this curtain, it subtracts nothing, but on the contrary gives an additional richness and relish to the exhibition. To my great surprise I found Mallison abundant in anecdotes ; and the dry, sarcastic, unemotioned, and seemingly half-unconscious way in which he detailed them, in some way operated so, as to bring out the striking points more completely in relief. He had certainly a genuine talent for humour and comedy. And the malignity, which lay as a corner-stone of all his faculties, helped his performances. That malignity formerly found its favourite occupation in molesting my peace ; now it

was the smooth, and specious, and silky side of his nature, a side indeed which was purely the creature of the severest discipline and art, that was turned upon me; and the malice was all employed for my entertainment, serving perhaps occasionally to betray what its owner "could do, an if he would."

Shall I say, that the helpless state to which this incident reduced me, sunk me below the genuine attitude of man, or that it merely brought me down to the true level and standard of my species? Before, I held myself aloof from the human race, and disdained their assistance; or, if I admitted it for the necessities of animal life, I sternly repelled it so far as related to our consolations and our pleasures. I was like a person, who, having read the narrative of some poor shipwrecked mariner, condemned to dwell for years in an uninhabited island, should buy himself a vessel, or procure himself a passage, and say, "I will be that

man's successor." But now I came to the sound human feeling, and said, "It is good to have a companion. My companion shall be from among 'the excellent of the earth,' if I can procure such, shall be a being who awakens all the best sentiments and the purest delights of our nature, shall be Henrietta, or the counterpart of Henrietta in my own sex, if that be possible: but still I know that a companion is necessary. I will therefore abstain from all romantic and Arcadian speculations; and if my companion is homely, thick in his apprehensions, and grovelling in his temper, and I can get no other, I will be content with that."

Well then, I had Mallison, and no one else, except now and then his uncle, with the servants, and the periodical visits of my professional attendant, that came near the couch to which I was confined. By dint of studying my associate, I discerned in him powers and accomplishments of which I

was not previously aware. The faults that he had, by familiarity became less offensive to me. I did not find them such "black and grained spots, as would not leave their tinct." On the contrary, they presently ceased to be shocking to my taste, and by degrees seemed, like the dark parts of a picture, to add their share to the total excellence. They constituted the style of the artist, which had been a thousand times connected with agreeable sensations; and I should as soon have thought of finding fault with Rembrandt for the deepness and breadth of his shadows, as with Mallison for the hard and unsympathetic tone of his conversation. It is thus, that the chances of human life, as well as its "miseries, make us acquainted with strange companions;" and many a man, by the mere control of time and place, has poured out his soul to another, and made him the partner of his bosom, who would certainly never have admitted him to that function, if it

had depended upon his spontaneous election.

Mallison observed with an acute and steady perception the progress he made in my favour. He was certainly by nature a man of no great talents; but he was of that class of mortals, no very rare one, in which interest sharpens the faculties, and brings out a species of capacity that had before lain idle and unemployed. He improved by exercise. He saw that the time was come, when he might venture to flatter me. His experiment in the case of my horsemanship was most unfortunate; but the situation was very different now. It is not every one, to speak from my own observation, that can safely venture to become a flatterer. The flatterer's is a delicate task. When any one praises me, I am inevitably reduced to examine, "But is what this person affirms of me real and just?" And very often I am compelled to confess a doubt, or more than a doubt, that he is

dealing in fiction, and that at best, if he is not a deceiver, he is himself misled. It is true, that most men can sit with decent composure to hear themselves praised for an attribute, of the existence of which they are wholly unconscious. We are perhaps more fastidious, when the commendation is employed on our real qualities. Then, he that commends us, too often employs terms, that appear to us too low, and not in unison with the worth of the subject ; or he praises us for a quality that we do not value, and that we would have thought it more honourable to us that we should have been given credit for in silence ; or he is a person of no weight and character himself, and we are less gratified with the sweet applauses with which he endeavours to crown us, than offended with his presumption, that he should dare to importune us with his judgment.

I had been one of the best grounded of all my contemporaries in Winchester school. I have said, that I was constitutionally ambi-

tious. It is fatally but too true, that ambition is incident to human beings, in whom there exist no powers by which the appetite can be appeased. This is undoubtedly the case in every department of mortal eminence, but is no where so conspicuous as in the passion for literary fame; because this sort of ambition does not address itself to a patron merely, but exposes its essays in a certain degree to the whole world, and they possess, if abortive, a portion of what I may call, *fugitive permanence*, for the "hand of scorn, to point its slight, unmoving finger at." How many men have been "smit with the sacred love of song," who never in their lives could construct a poetical line? But such was not my case. I was ambitious; and I had in me naturally the power which seemed best calculated to procure the gratification of my ambition. My talent was not showy, but, if I may venture to say it, profound. I could not, like Clifford, leave the shore at once, and

dash into the mighty ocean of classic lore. I was not born with the talent of an ancient bard, and could not pour out in copious and unexhausted streams, the unpremeditated verse. On the contrary, I was like the lawgiver of the Jews, "slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Diffidence, the offspring of haughty self-respect and disdain, sealed up my lips. Once or twice, in a hot fit of youthful pride and ostentation, I had not failed to make the trial. But my self-possession deserted me. I fell into blunders inconceivable; all that I knew before seemed to have left me at the moment it was wanted; I could never command the recollection of things, in the interchange of defiance and debate, that were most fully at my disposal in the cool element of meditation. The dullest boy in the school could often put me down. And, when I once felt mortified and ashamed, it was all over with me. "Man but a rush against Othello's breast, and he retires." Such was the auk-

ward and ineffective figure I made at Winchester school. Yet it was known, that I really possessed powers that I wanted the skill to bring into play. When my "comates and fellows" in the form triumphed over me most unmercifully, they knew that Themis was not there, and that the whole was a pageant, in which the shadow triumphed over the substance. Even Clifford himself, with all his "dazzling fence," was always ready to acknowledge that I was intrinsically his equal.

This was Mallison's cue, the principle that guided him in the attack he was now directing against me. He spoke freely and effectively, because honestly, of my real strength, and my absolute resources. Yet even this he did not venture upon, but with judgment and caution. To my unfaithful memory and envenomed imagination Winchester was all one tissue of mortification and disgrace. But the industry of Mallison brought out scenes of an opposite cha-

racter, and examples in which I was myself compelled to confess that I had appeared to more advantage than I was aware. These were doubly gratifying to me, because they were unexpected. He told of situations, in which my secret powers were drawn out, in which I had myself played the principal character, but which, neither at the time, nor since, had I apprehended in the sense in which he displayed them.

I began comparatively to like Mallison. The man who, whenever you see him, puts you in good humour with yourself, will past all doubt be found, after no long trial, a welcome visitor. This sort of fair understanding being established between us, Mallison now ventured, when his stock of anecdotes and panegyric began to run low, to ask my opinion of men and things, of periods of literature, and the great heroes and colossal personages of the intellectual world. I was naturally no copious talker. It was fear, and pride, and a doubtful anti-

cipation of the effects to be produced, that made me silent. But I know not how it was, I never felt so unrestrained of speech, as at the period I am now describing. No, not the presence of Henrietta herself, and the charm of her society, ever gave such a loose to my tongue. I secretly stood in awe of her judgment. I knew she had an independent mind, and an instinctive discernment of right and truth, which, while I adored it, almost made me tremble lest she should discover the extent of my infirmities. But Mallison was so implicit, bowed so completely to all my judgments, and drank in all my suggestions, that it was a pleasure to talk to so accommodating a pupil. There was another thing that produced a material effect in my intercourse with him: his mind was totally vacant of all moral discernment. We could not be always talking of abstractions, of literature, and authors. I had relapses, when I was any thing but a hero. If I had at any time an attack of

pain, if I was wretched, or was peevish, I no more thought of suppressing the first symptoms of these conditions in the presence of Mallison, than if I had been alone. I played the querulous fool without constraint, and spread out my nature before him in its most pitiful and degrading imperfections. He had absolutely no sense of these things, and seemed to know no difference between what was illustrious and what was contemptible. If I had conceived any "villainous, inglorious enterprise" of the basest fraud, or if I had laid a scene of murder for fiends to shrink at, it seems to me, that I should have disclosed it to Mallison without reserve, and that he was too entire a friend to have given harbour to the least uncivil scruples on the occasion. As he discovered himself to me at this time, he seemed to have no object but my gratification, no study but of what would be acceptable to me, and no standard of good, but what depended on my will.

The company of Mallison was in some measure to me like the song of the Sirens. They complimented Ulysses in ravishing strains upon the profoundness of his discretion, and he could scarcely be restrained from showing himself a fool. This was the first time for many years that I had regarded myself with any absolute complacency. That feeling, almost the only one that makes human existence felt as a blessing, had long been a stranger to me : and I welcomed it, in somewhat the same manner as an affectionate father would hail the return of a long-lost son. It was doubtless in part the weakness which resulted from the tedious recovery of my limb, that made me receive with so true a relish so poor a praise as Mallison's. It must however be considered, that it had been in a singular degree my lot, to live with honest men. In my childish residence at Mandeville House, nobody had spoken to me any thing but

the truth, or what the speaker considered as truth. There was no one,

— under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
To wind him with the easy-hearted boy,
And bring him into snares.

At Winchester every one was too full of his own fancies, and the pursuit of his own gratifications, to flatter another. Even Mallison, the earth-born and false-hearted Mallison, felt there a greater propensity, to sting his neighbour with flouts and gibes, than to smooth him down with tickling praise. There was beside a *sombre* reserve and a forbidding haughtiness about me, that seemed to dash the first accents of applause; and in this way it might easily have happened to me, to have sunk into old age and the grave, without once having heard the fawning voice of adulation. But Mallison had both motive and opportunity in abundance to enter upon the unpromising task;

and accordingly he was too gallant and high-minded, to be deterred by the very unfavourable attempt with which he had commenced his career.

I am ashamed to own, that this was to me a period of unwonted enjoyment. Strange is the nature of that anomalous creature man, that even so pitiful an animal as I held Mallison to be, should have had the power to make me happy. But it should be considered, that the breath of dishonour had passed over the first buds of my youth like the pestilential wind of the desert, and had blasted the whole harvest of my hopes. All my solitary reflections had been full of dismay ; every morning that I awoke, the first flavour upon my fasting palate had been bitterness. I was so accustomed to look on the dark side of things, that I hardly suspected that one ray of light could penetrate my gloom. It was with me, as when “ the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and the stars shall fall from

heaven." All therefore that Mallison told me of the trophies of my youth, the speculations and conjectures that he drew from me, and the profound attention with which he appeared to receive them, was like a welcome intelligence brought to me from the remotest corner of the earth. I began to say to myself, " I am not lost in loss itself. There is still enough left of me to make a worthy. I am still capable of exciting the approbation and wonder of my species ; and the sentiments of our fellows concerning us, are an unfailing mirror, reflecting the beams of pleasure, and awakening in our hearts self-respect and self-reverence. Yes ; I will form a new system of life ; and hope, the welcome stranger, shall again visit my breast."

I have no doubt, that this interval of serenity and pleasure had another cause, beside that which I adverted to at the time. This was, the state of my animal system ; I had been for fourteen days required to

continue in one unvarying attitude. My spirits were worn out with the dismal monotony; and though, excepting a slight fever at first, I cannot be said to have been in ill health, my confinement produced upon me most of the effects of sickness. My lassitude, and the tediousness of my days and nights, but for Mallison's attentions and the amusements he supplied to me, would have been insupportable. The pleasure I felt, when I was rescued from captivity, when I was first permitted to rise from my bed, and to go out into the garden, was such as cannot easily be expressed. As I had for many days had no real sickness, and suffered only a compulsory confinement, my situation perfectly resembled that of a prisoner, restored at once from a strict constraint to his liberty. My blood literally danced in my veins. I snuffed the free and wholesome air of the blue heavens, and exclaimed, "Ah, this is indeed to be happy!" The restoration

of these prerogatives, so little valued by man till he has felt the loss of them, came to my senses blended in point of time with the ingenious cajoleries of my novice-lawyer; and whether I looked on the one side or the other, to the exhilaration I derived from the sunshine and the breeze and the face of nature, or to that which came to me from the artful flatteries of my newly-admitted companion, I equally exclaimed, without attempting any nice investigation of the cause, "Ah, this is indeed to be happy!" To say every thing in a word, I imputed the whole of what I felt to Mal-lison, and considered him for the time as my better angel.

The man who leaves his apartment, where he has been attended by the sons of Hippocrates and Galen, where pain has been his companion, and lassitude his bed-fellow, where every morning he prays for the night, and every night for the morning, has infallibly something of the feeling which

belongs to the commencement of a new life, and which Adam may be supposed to have had, when first he opened his eyes on the groves and the fountains of Eden. Sickness, after it is passed through and ended, is like a gap in existence. It is one of the characteristics of the sick man, that when he is at the worst, his mind is shut up within the circle of his actual sensations, a sort of deadness as to external things comes over him, and the world is nothing to him; its vexations and embarrassments are absolutely annihilated and forgotten. His recovery therefore is something like the state of a man accustomed to carry heavy burthens, but who feels his load no more. He enters the world with new thoughts, new projects, and new hopes. Such was my condition at this time; such my elasticity and the renovation of my nature. And I owed the advantage very much to Mallison. He had somehow in a very great degree reconciled me to myself. For the moment,

I forgot the mortifications and agony by which I had been so long depressed. For the moment, they appeared to exist no longer. He had brought my hidden virtues to the light of day. He persuaded me that every thing was not so desperate with me as I had imagined. He stirred up once again in me the fire of ambition, that fire which seemed to be in me the first principle of existence, and which, though raked up, and hidden with ashes, could never, I thought, be utterly extinguished, while one pulse continued to beat within me.

CHAPTER VI.



THE mighty master smiled to view
The triumphs of his art :
And, while I heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked my pride.

In the openness of my heart, which was a violation of my nature, and which I had never felt before, I talked to Mallison of my new projects and purposes. I said, " I am but nineteen : What should ail me, that I should think the world at an end with me ? I have health ; I have youth ; I have a plentiful estate. You, Mallison, by your kind and cordial communications, have made me feel, more vividly than I ever felt

before, that I have talents, the materials out of which a patriot, an ornament of his species, a benefactor of mankind, is to be formed. If I have done wrong, or rather if I have been misconstrued and calumniated, the world is not so unjust, as to allow no return to honour, to a youth of nineteen, who possesses all internal, and all accidental means, of courting its favour, and loading it with benefits. If then the world has not passed a decree of exclusion against me, neither will I. I will neither desert myself, nor hide what I am in a napkin. No : that which it is in my power to do, I will do strenuously. I have not yet fully digested what ; but the task of human usefulness is a solemn office, and shall be well ruminated by me, before I buckle on my harness, and descend into the field."

Mallison shook his head.

" All this would be well," said he, " were it not for Clifford. No being that lives, ever possessed greater advantages than you, or

has been endowed with a more gallant spirit, to improve those advantages. I frankly own that. You might turn the pages of Greek and Roman story, and choose out the character that you would imitate, or rather that you would rival. You might be the pride of the island that gave you birth. The concentration and reserve of spirit, of which you have sometimes been disposed to complain, are of infinite service in that point of view. A noble soul like yours does not waste itself in idle efforts, and boil over in trifles and things of no value till its best powers are evaporated. Such a one as you, where he devotes his attention, strikes ; and the blow is a master-blow, that at once astonishes the bystander, enforces obedience and sympathy, and quells opposition. It is not possible, without the profoundest sorrow, to see such a fountain of general refreshment and usefulness, choaked up and stifled in its source : but, alas ! my dear sir, you are not aware what

a general prepossession has gone out against you. Remember what Lisle told you; remember what you heard from the Marquis de Gevres. Oh, my dear Mandeville, the world is much more unjust, and much more unrelenting, than you imagine. Your chance for making a splendid figure, and playing an illustrious part among your contemporaries, is at an end. You are like some majestic oak in the forests of your country, that the thunder hast past over, and has scathed it. There it stands in all its giant size and original dimensions; every one may see what it might have been; every one may gaze at its stupendous outline; but upon its bared branches there remains not a single leaf to adorn them; the bark is peeled away at the root from the naked stem; and the heart of the tree, so late the boast of its native soil, is daily crumbling into dust.

“Revenge therefore, hatred and revenge, is all that is left you. Your pleasure, it is

true, must be a gloomy pleasure ; but dark and church-yard contemplations have their sublimity and their satisfaction. Remember what you are, and meditate what you might have been : all this shall fill you with a mournful and heart-breaking delight. You cannot live for the world : no, that is past. But you may live, like Charles the Fifth, to solemnize your own sepulchral honours, and to recollect the path which nature and the election of God seemed to destine you to tread. You may in imagination fill your ears with the anthem and the dirge, and all those solemn sights and sounds, with which we are accustomed to bid to the great ones of the earth an everlasting farewell. Yes, God assigned to you a high destiny, and to leave a trail of glory behind ; but a malignant demon has passed over your intended orbit, and has driven you infinite leagues away from the path in which you ought to have moved, into the desert waste of space. Nothing therefore

remains for you, but solemnly to revolve what you might have been, and to retaliate largely and with interest upon the enemy that has destroyed you. Even so Achilles slew twelve of the choicest of the Trojan youth upon the funeral pile of Patroclus."

The reader may be surprised to find such ideas flowing from the lips of the wretched and worthless Mallison. But, if he is, I have failed in conveying to him the idea of his character. I have said that Mallison was an admirable mimic. He was an excellent actor, or indeed more than this, since he could compose the phrases and the sentences of the part he had to play. Without being any thing in himself intrinsically, superior to the dirt upon which he trod, he had that pliancy of disposition, that he could remove himself for the moment into the person he wished to represent, with a power something similar to that, with which Fadolallah in the Persian Tales, could shoot himself into any organized body that lay

inanimate before him. By dint, in a certain degree, of imitating the tones and gestures of another, he could come to think his thoughts. Nor indeed is it at all uncommon, though not much observed in the world, that intensity of purpose shall, for the given occasion, convert a mere oaf into a man of wit and sagacity. When Atys saw a soldier raise his scymetar against the life of his father Croesus, the dumb man spoke; and assuredly an overpowering crisis has often loosed the tongue of the intellectually dumb, and made him discourse with a propriety and energy, of which the most favoured son of genius needed not to be ashamed. In the present instance, Mallison's proceeding would have been impotent to his purpose, if he had not thought my thoughts, and expressed himself in my idiom.

The language thus held to me by Mallison was like a stroke of thunder. A thousand circumstances had communicated to

my spirits an unaccustomed buoyancy. I had just recovered the free use of the members of my body, and could proceed to the right or the left, with a swift or a slow motion, as I pleased. I was like what I have somewhere read of a person issuing forth from the *Thermæ*, or hot-baths of Egypt, where, after a copious perspiration, various attendants had been employed with a strenuous friction, in removing the various obstructions that usually stop up all the pores and outlets of the body. I felt, as if the power of gravitation that binds material substances to the earth on which they are placed, was removed, that my limbs and my whole frame had lost their cumbrousness, that I was in danger of mounting up in the air, and could sail as I pleased, sustained and cushioned upon the clouds of heaven.

Such was the state of my corporeal feelings ; and the style in which Mallison had talked to me for weeks, wonderfully harmonized with the freedom of my spirits. I

felt in my heart, though I confessed it as little as I could, that his language was that of a flatterer. But, for this very reason, I the more relied on its consistency ; since, in this sense, you can never be sure of a man who speaks the truth, but you may depend upon a liar. On Mallison's plan, as I understood it, he had nothing to do with the real phenomena, and the absolute merits of the case : he spoke from a principle, and steadily pursued a certain end that he proposed to himself. This it was in reality, that compensated for his want of sincerity. The human heart naturally revolts from delusion and imposture, from the impudence of the man who, with unabashed and unaltered front, asserts the thing that he knows to be false. But then this species of intercourse has its advantages. We are not more sure that wholesome food will nourish, and wine will intoxicate, than that the tongue of the flatterer will speak agreeable things. Nothing therefore could be

more shocking to me, than the abrupt manner in which my companion now set before me the most loathsome and heart-apalling conceptions that ever were offered to the attention of a human being.

I made a strenuous effort to throw off the weight, with which Mallison was thus unexpectedly endeavouring to overwhelm me.

“No, no, my good fellow,” said I, and a smile of bitterness came over me as I said it, “that is past. Perhaps you have not heard that Clifford has become reconciled to the church of Rome.”

“Oh, yes, that fact is public and notorious.”

“Well then, sir, the fate of every man that is put on his trial, depends on the character of the witness that is brought against him. I have suffered under certain enormous and unfounded accusations: but who is my antagonist? Oh, Mallison! you can have no conception what relief

that has brought to my mind. Yes ; I thank God, Clifford has settled the controversy between us. I have been charged with secreting and delighting myself with certain inhuman libels against our late illustrious and murdered sovereign. I have been accused of selling myself to the usurper, for the purpose of ruining Penraddock's generous attempt to restore the royal exile, and of betraying this band of heroes to the scaffold. I will not talk of the malignity and the falsehood of these accusations. But what is all this, compared with the turpitude of Clifford ? My antagonist is down, and I am up, for ever. You talk of revenge. But what place can there be for revenge against one, who has blotted himself out from the roll of living men and of honest reputation ! He walks blasted among his fellow creatures ; he bears on him the mark of reprobation ; he is reserved for the wrath of God, and his case is beyond the reach of hope ; the co-

lour is driven from his cheeks, and his skin is already parched up and embrowned by the fire of hell that burns within him. Who will associate with an apostate? He is cut off from the common benefits of society: no one will harbour him; no one will give him a morsel of bread to eat, or a drop of water to drink. His very touch is contamination; and to breathe the same element with him, is to insure our destruction. His condition is similar to that which our ancestors awarded to a leper, who with a bell and a clap-dish warned those who passed by, not to approach, but to cast their alms by the road-side, which the afflicted sufferer was not allowed to gather up, till the traveller was already gone."

"My dear Mandeville," rejoined my companion, "what you say is certainly of great weight; and all that can be alleged against it is, that the fact is otherwise. I doubt not, there was a time, when men were directed in their treatment of others

by ideas of right and wrong, and apostacy was considered as the abhorred thing you so justly describe it. But unfortunately we do not live in those times; and the court of the exiled king, which will soon become the court of London, is the focus of all sorts of latitudinarianism and licentiousness. Lord Digby and his six companions immediately repaired from Ghent to king Charles at Cologne, where they were received with open arms, and almost stifled with the fervent embraces that were bestowed upon them. Clifford in particular was distinguished from all the rest: the large property he is destined to inherit, the beauty of his figure, the enchanting tone of his conversation, the elegance of his manners, the frank simplicity of his disposition, and the brilliancy of his wit, were considered as entitling him to this distinction. The persons principally trusted by king Charles are indeed for the most part Protestants; but there seems to be a general

opinion at his little court, that the Protestant episcopal religion is the faith that becomes an English politician, while the Catholic is the religion of a gentleman. There is no other creed to be found at the courts of Versailles, Madrid, and Vienna, the great receptacles of all that is magnificent and brilliant in civilised Europe; while the new religion is fain to take refuge with a beggarly and wandering sovereign, or in still more homely and shop-keeping republics."

It is impossible to express what I felt, while Mallison related these particulars. It was as if my brain-pan had been laid open, and all the conceptions and knots of ideas which had been stored there, were given to irretrievable confusion. Man is the creature of experience. From infancy to age we accumulate from year to year a certain knowledge which serves us for the guide of our actions. We observe the succession of day and night, summer and win-

ter, seed-time and harvest, and regulate our conduct by the belief that that succession will take place in future. We conceive that fire will burn, and that water will drown. And there are certain expectations that we form respecting our fellow-men, their treatment of us, the power of motives, and their approbation and disapprobation, upon which we no less confidently rely, than upon these phenomena of nature. But, if what Mallison told me was true, all that I had learned, and the inferences I had been accustomed to draw from it, were to go for nothing. "The moon had come more near the earth than she was wont, and made men mad." Or rather, the whole harmony, and all the constellations of heaven, were moved from their place, and chaos was come again.

I know not that I can make any one that reads these pages, understand the sensation that thus came over me. From the day on which the *Mercurius Politicus*

reached me, I in reality obtained a new life. To change one's condition, from darkness to light, from imprisonment to liberty, from a sandy and sterile desert to all that nature pours out of profusion and resistless beauty on her most favoured spots,—no, these are metaphors, and do not at all come near the thing I would record. It was utter and entire hopelessness from which I had escaped, it was Tantalus's thirst, it was the dream of the man who distinctly sees all that is most dear to him perishing before his face, and feels his joints unnerved as by some magician's spell, and himself incapable of stretching out a finger to save them.

Till I was thus unexpectedly delivered, I did not understand the extent of my misery. Human nature does not enable us to suffer beyond a given point. When there is no longer hope, our sensations become deadened, our power of apprehending is benumbed, we are the statues of despair,

and no more. A slow and a nerveless fever comes over us ; the skin is dry ; the tongue is parched ; the heart sinks within us ; and every principle of life is deprived of its tension and its elasticity. We scarcely know this ; we do but half lament it. But, once open the door of hope, once let in the fresh and living breeze to which the face of earth is indebted for all its graciousness, how we gasp and pant with the feeling of renovated existence ! Then we perceive how wretched we were, and are astonished we should not have known it. Then first we apprehend the full meaning of all that can be expressed by the word Misery.

Well then ; the obstacle that stood between me and the career of glory was removed. I was once more vested with the rights of man ; and all that man, with talents, with favourable circumstances, and with diligence, could achieve, I might hope for. Clifford and I had changed places. It was thus that I understood the

situation. But all this, if the report of Mallison were to be believed, was utterly reversed.

Now it was, that I truly hated. Now it was, that I felt that Clifford was my fate, and that, as long as he existed, I must give myself up to the last despair. For me the order of the universe was suspended ; all that was most ancient and established in the system of created things was annulled ; virtue was no longer virtue, and vice no longer vice. This utter subversion related to me, and me alone ; every where else, in every corner of the many-peopled globe, things went on right ; I, and I only, was shut out of the pale of humanised society. Whatever I might do, how pure and virtuous soever, was to be the meat for calumny to feed on : whatever Clifford might do, he was a privileged person ; a circle of glory for ever surrounded his head ; he might

— trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths ;
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns, shagged with horrid shades,

he might pass on unhurt, like queen Editha among the burning ploughshares, or the three children in the fiery furnace, when “ not a hair of their head was singed, nor the colour of their garments was changed, and the smell of the fire had not passed upon them.” A condition like this is to be found only in the wild creations of fancy, or in the legends of a credulous and spectre-haunted superstition. But I can imagine how a champion would feel, who found his frail and human-conditioned limbs staked in mortal combat against one who “ bore a charmed life.” And such feelings were mine. Preternatural horror, and deep despair ; a rebellious spirit, blaspheming against fate and the Lord of all things, and fearfully impressed with the unjust and unequal measure that was dealt out to me.

The blows I should strike seemed to be unaccompanied with the slightest hope of effect; but I was on that account, only incited to strike with more resolved aim, and a more desperate fury.

CHAPTER VII.

I PASS over a considerable period of time in which I was a victim to the machinations of this precious pair of devils, Holloway and Mallison. They had me in their hands, to play upon me as they pleased. By turns they soothed, and by turns they irritated me. Their admiration of my high qualities knew no bounds : their professions of devotion to my service exceeded those of the most fervent loyalty, in that period of feudal history, when the vassal conceived himself born for no other end, than the use, the pleasure, the defence, and the glory of his lord. To do justice

to the ardour of their attachment, these gentlemen, my guardians, or my keepers, found themselves reduced to borrow something of the language of religion, and to speak almost as a creature to the Creator.

All this affected me strangely. I never ceased to see these men in their true colours. For ever and for ever I hated them. I understood their motives. Never for an instant did I ascribe one particle of sincerity to their professions. They talked this well; their protestations were ample, full of energetic phrase, and rich in sentiment and adoration. Yet they stood before me as two finished scoundrels. I knew that they thought only of themselves. I knew that they were incapable of one impulse that did not centre in their own interests. I knew that this was not only the original constitution of their minds, but that they had worked it up into a system, that it was a principle by which they elaborately regulated all their actions.

Yet, such is the nature of the human mind, I received pleasure from the song of these hollow hearted hypocrites. It required however an introduction and a prelude. When it had at first been addressed to me abruptly, I repelled it with scorn. For a long time I kept these abject wretches at a sufficient distance. I believe they would never have carried their point, if it had not been for my accident, which seemed to throw me, naked and defenceless, into their hands. By this my heart was "subdued even to the very quality" of my keepers. I stood in need of Mallison, and could no longer do without him. He "took my pliant hour, and found good means" to wrap me round with his snares. And it happened in this, as it does in a thousand other instances to frail human nature, that familiarity altered the appearances of things. What I had before thought of with impatience and contempt, I now learned to endure. The aggra-

vated features, that had lately excited my aversion, by frequent perusal became less disagreeable. I listened; and the more I listened, the more the tale grew acceptable to me. At last the attentions and the flatteries of Mallison became necessary, and were a flavour and a diet that I knew not how to dispense with. I was like Mithridates, the celebrated King of Pontus, who is said by his perpetual labour to neutralise the effects of poisons upon him, to have found nourishment at last, in that which had originally the most virulent tendency to destroy. Praise is agreeable to every human organ. However fastidious we may be in the beginning, if we will persist in swallowing the draught, we shall presently become passive and resigned. It will then exercise its natural attribute to soothe and to titillate. It matters not from whom it comes; it matters not, however much we may be internally convinced of its insincerity and its falsehood; the plea-

sure will by degrees more and more predominate over the pain, till the displeasing sensation is finally merged in that which is of an opposite character.

They turned and winded me at their pleasure. When by their flatteries they had laid me most naked to be assailed, that was the moment they chose to aim at me the most deadly wound. And I am ashamed to say, that experience scarcely made me wise in this point, and that I was weak enough to be again and again the dupe of their machinations. They told me tales of my future greatness. They told me what the family of Mandeville had been, and what it was qualified to be again. They convinced me, that no one was ever so largely endowed with powers to carry him forward in the paths of glory and of usefulness, as I was by nature. They told me tales of Clifford. They carried him from country to country, from employment to employment, and from honour to honour.

I could not discover whether the things they described were real, or were the pure creatures of invention. I had no means of ascertaining; I had first voluntarily shut myself out from the world, and was now "benetted round with villainies." First I believed all they related to me; then, upon revisal, the whole appeared so romantic, that I could not refrain from suspecting that I was made the dupe to a series of the grossest impostures. After that, circumstances came to my knowledge, sometimes by the public prints which were thrust in my way, and sometimes from other sources, which proved a few of the most material points, and scarcely left me power to doubt of the rest.

The comforters of the patriarch Job have grown into a proverb. But they were drivellers, compared with the two practitioners, inmates of the roof under which I resided. They had no such means, and no such opportunity to torment. These were,

as I have said, my sworn and devoted friends. They lived but to oblige me. When they told of what I might have been, they spoke the language of an ardent admiration. When they related things that tortured me to agony, it was with the most fervent protesting, that with contentions inexpressible they conquered their unwillingness to distress me, but that with severity and stoicism they compelled their feelings to give way to their duty. At other times they contrived, that I should see they were suppressing something too terrible to be communicated. When they consoled me, phrases and insinuations were sure to creep in, that reduced me to a much more pitiable situation, than if I had not been consoled at all. They gave me no rest, day nor night. I cannot help believing, that, as regularly as the morning returned, they consulted together, as to what electuary of viper's flesh should be administered to me to-day, that the dark-

ness of the days that had gone before, might not laugh at the whiteness of this. Their object was to reduce me to so helpless and pitiable a state of mind, that I might finally be a passive instrument in their hands, to do with me whatever they pleased.

It was wonderful what an effect this had upon me. It is sufficiently visible from what has been already related, that I was no stranger to what misery was. But all that I had previously felt, was as nothing; compared with what I suffered now. Those dogmatists, who, in whatever religion, have endeavoured to make out the punishments of a future state, have shown themselves no mean masters in their art. The main ingredient in their delineation is, to be "tormented by devils." No climate of hell, however fierce, parching and intolerable, no flames, so intense that the wretched sufferer intreats for one drop of water to cool his tongue, no gnawings of con-

science, no agonies of remorse, could be complete without this, the presence and incessant activity of the tormentor. I have read of a tyrant, who having exhausted all that his dungeons could inflict, at length hit on this refinement, that a centinel should call on the unhappy prisoner every half-hour, by day and by night, during the remainder of his existence, and compel him to answer, that he might never attain to a temporary oblivion of his sorrows. Nature in this respect is treacherous, and apt to allow the victim from time to time to forget that he is miserable. Nature is always at the bottom a friend to the unfortunate; and, if she does not relieve his sorrows, at least benumbs the sense.

Our purer essence then may overcome
The noxious vapour, or inured not feel,
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in substance, may receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain.

It needs, as in my case, some disinterested and never-sleeping friend, to rake the embers, to throw on new combustibles, and to blow the flames, if we would have the misery complete.

What was most strange, was, that the more these wretched beings tormented me, the more in a certain sense grew my attachment to them. They were like some loathsome deformity, or envenomed excrescence on the human body, which the infatuated man to whose lot it has fallen, cherishes with obstinacy, and would rather part with his life than be delivered from it. The effect was such as is related of the bird and the rattle-snake; the defenceless victim is bewitched by the eye of his adversary, and is necessitated to fly into his mouth, though by so doing he rushes on certain destruction. Holloway and Mallison became in some degree a part of myself. I felt that day maimed and incomplete, in which I did not sup up my allotted dose of the nau-

seous draught they administered. I must have their company; I was miserable when alone; and, though I was more miserable with them, yet in their society I had the delusive feeling as if I had something to support me.

Rapid was the progress that these men seemed to make towards the accomplishment of their desires. My health wasted daily; my powers of action seemed reduced to almost nothing. A perpetual gloom beset me, like "a huge eclipse of sun and moon," while the affrighted elements laboured with fearful change. My skin was dried up; my flesh perished from my bones; my eyes became unacquainted with sleep; my joints refused to perform for me the ordinary functions of a living being.

Yet, while "this mortal coil" seemed fast wasting away from and deserting me, my mind was in a state of preternatural activity. I felt that I must do something,—what, as yet, I knew not—but that must be

terrible, that must lay a scene of horrors; that must be responsive to the desolation I was conscious of within. My mind balanced between two tones, that of inexorable rage, and that of the lowest despondency. The former urged me to revenge; the latter to suicide. According to my idea, the wretches that attended me, were indifferent what catastrophe it should be that crowned their labours; all they required was something dreadful; something that should shock all those who lived within the knowledge of it, and that should entail upon me unmingled detestation.

Another thing that rendered my situation at this time more deplorable, was, that these men were my study of human nature. I saw no other persons with any sensations of intercourse; my servants were merely the animated implements of my accommodation. And, as I viewed these men in their proper deformity, as none of their disgraceful qualities ever came softened to my

thoughts, it may easily be supposed what sort of a thing human nature appeared to me. It was entitled to none of my sympathies; I agnised in it no kindred qualities; it merited only my aversion; pity and compassion appeared to me weaknesses, unworthy to be harboured; and bitter animosity, or merciless revenge, the only sentiments it could be honourable to me to cherish.

CHAPTER VIII.



I HAVE related how industrious this deserving pair, my guardian and his nephew, showed themselves, to obtain my good will, and make themselves necessary to me. Nor were they less assiduous in their attentions to my sister, and the admirable matron under whose protection she dwelt upon the New Forest. In the first arrangement that took place after the death of my uncle, Holloway resided in Dorsetshire, my sister at Beaulieu, and I myself had fixed my abode in Derbyshire. The New Forest therefore was but little out of the road of

the worthy solicitor, whenever he found, or made an occasion of proceeding from his own habitation to mine : and at other times, when he did not purpose this journey, still the distance was but small from the petty fishing-town where he dwelt to the residence of Mrs Willis. Holloway took advantage of this, and was, as I have said, diligent in paying his court to these dwellers on the New Forest. His visits could not be objected to, nay, were agreeable, for they always appeared to be prompted by an anxiety for my interests. It has been sufficiently seen, that this hoary practitioner of the law, was no mean adept in the art of turning to his purposes the weak sides of human nature. He did not like to make a single step without Mrs Willis ; he had the profoundest respect for her extraordinary penetration. He thought it right, that Henrietta Mandeville should be acquainted with every thing that was done in my affairs : she was my next of kin, and was be-

sides endowed with a very superior understanding. She saw into things with the quickness of intuition, and her sagacity was still further sharpened by the strength of her affection for me. Mr Holloway also, in the most delicate manner, alluded to my late unfortunate distraction, and my continued melancholy. He observed, that I ought not to be left to myself, nor trusted entirely to my own guidance. In short he had the dexterity, whatever he desired to do, to obtain for it the previous approbation of these ladies ; and even, in several instances, to make it seem to have flowed from their suggestion. This is the third example, the first being that of my uncle, and the second of myself, in which this wretched Holloway, without precisely obtaining the good opinion of any one, made himself a person useful, and almost necessary, while his officious and left-handed interpositions were received, by each party in turn, with acknowledgments and thanks.

Holloway made Mrs Willis and my sister fully acquainted with the particulars of his first expedition into Derbyshire, his earnest exertions (for such he described them) to render me master of my own affairs in all the minuteness of detail, and the distressing way in which he had failed in the attempt. He contrived, by ingenious insinuations, and certain openings which seemed to come from him at unawares, to make the plan for his ousting the Derbyshire farmer, and substituting his own establishment in this man's place, appear to proceed from Mrs Willis herself. In a word, notwithstanding the vulgarity of his manners, and the meanness of his mind, his persevering obsequiousness won him some favour with the family of Beaulieu Cottage; and, if he had not the inward feeling of attachment to my welfare, he however so perfectly played the part, as to all outward demonstrations of solicitude in my behalf, that the ladies could not avoid

expressing themselves in a certain degree grateful to him.

When Holloway and his establishment were once removed into Derbyshire, Mal-lison became in most instances the representative of his uncle, as an occasional visitor at the New Forest. The ladies were rather gratified with the exchange. Mal-lison had had a better education than the solicitor himself: he had recently come from keeping company with the sons of gentlemen at Winchester College: besides which, he had his youth in his favour. The habits of Holloway's mind were essentially brutal and base: he had indeed a natural talent for insinuating speciousness, and could with sufficient success make his party good, when his cue was merely to show to an individual, how earnestly he was bent upon that object as an end, as a generous and disinterested consideration prompting his deeds, which in reality he regarded with the most philosophical indifference, as a

means only to promote his own advantage. But, when this respectable person endeavoured to play the gentleman at large, nothing could be more ignominious than his failure. It was the ass in the lion's skin; it was Moliere's *Bourgeois* attempting to impose himself with the manners of a courtier. Every step was a blunder; every word came out in exact opposition to the purpose the speaker intended to effect. But Mallison was at that happy age, when the limbs are pliant, and the voice and the lines of the countenance more easily accommodate themselves to the will of their possessor. He studied the models on whose pattern he desired to form himself; and, though he produced but a bad imitation, you could at least see a dim and imperfect representation of the thing from which it was copied.

The purpose of these worthies was, as I have said, to make my nearest connections believe that I was a person dreadfully diseased, and to persuade them that the care

of me could not on the whole be more advantageously confided, than to those who had me already in some measure in their custody. Notwithstanding all the artful suggestions of Holloway, my friends could not be induced to look upon my distemper as incurable ; and it had been the first idea of Henrietta, that, at the period when I came of age, and took possession of the family-mansion, she would live under the same roof with me, and preside at my table. Till then, it was held most decorous that she should remain at her present residence in Hampshire. Alas, how vain are the pretensions of human foresight ! How many disastrous events occurred, between the period when this purpose was conceived, and the time for which my poor sister prepared herself with so much contemplative tranquillity !

In the precarious condition in which I was judged to be, both as to body and mind, Henrietta and the guide of her youth were

notcontented with such letters as I might address to them, but thankfully accepted the offer made them by Holloway, of such private epistolary communications as might be made them from time to time by himself or his nephew. The worthy solicitor had private ends of his own in view through the whole, and did not fail to render this opportunity subordinate to his purposes. Those purposes required, that no occasion should be lost, of improving the familiarity and frequency of his intercourses with Beaulieu. Mallison generally held the pen on these occasions. Old Latitat had so long bewildered himself in the jargon of the law, and it flowed so naturally to his mind when he took up a pen, that he could hardly by any effort get through a letter, without mixing up in it some of this uncouth phraseology. But Mallison was fresh from the study of the classics; he had moreover the advantage of my conversation; and when he contemplated in

his ignoble spirit the radiant beauties of Henrietta Mandeville, even his style, young as he still was, drew a comparative refinement from the subject of his thoughts.

In the way in which Mallison and his uncle painted my rejection of their lessons, as to the stewardship of my own estate, it was made to appear a symptom of that unsteadiness and inconstancy of mind, which are so often to be found in persons subject to occasional attacks of lunacy. They made no recital of the insidious artifices by which they had studiously rendered this sort of occupation disgusting to me, but described the whole as an ingenuous experiment for my welfare. The disdainful spirit in which I had at first rejected all their efforts at familiarity, were distorted and exaggerated. Give to any one the entire and sole custody of any human being, especially if that human being is of a hypochondriacal complexion, and allow his keeper to be from day to day the historian

of his ward ; and he must be a man of very little dexterity, if he cannot make those who do not approach the patient believe any thing he pleases, and if he do not weave together circumstances and incidents, in such a manner as to clothe his tale with an irresistible air of probability.

Henrietta was extremely delighted with the account that reached her, of the new passion I had conceived for mounting on horseback, and anticipated the happiest effects from the diversion and the health which was in this way likely to be procured to me. With equal vexation and chagrin she received the news of my unfortunate accident. On that occasion she paid me a visit ; and this was the first interview I had ever had with my beloved sister, upon which I did not look back with entire complacency. Her visit continued only for a few hours. I need not say with what rapturous delight I fixed my eyes on her heavenly features, or how sweet to

me were the thrilling tones of her voice. In this instance her habitual gaiety was somewhat subdued, by sympathy for the painful and wearisome state in which she found me ; but the subdued tone it assumed, only added to it a thousand nameless graces, unknown before. I was in Elysium, as long as her visit lasted. But so unreasonable and monopolising was my temper, that I felt strange murmurings within me, when I found that she purposed to spend not so much as one night under my roof. She was proceeding to Lord Montagu's principal seat of Boughton in Northamptonshire ; there was a wedding to be celebrated there ; the day was fixed ; and the presence of Henrietta was impatiently counted upon, as one great ornament of the festival. Yet I was dissatisfied. I said to myself, " Theirs is the house of mirth. Multitudes will be assembled there, a bright *parterre* of beauty ; their enjoyments and their gaiety are certain ; they

would not have leisure to regret the absence of Henrietta ; they surely might spare her to the lonely and desolate couch of her suffering brother." These were the reflections that passed through my mind ; but I sealed my lips ; I scorned to complain. I thought, " If she has the unkindness to leave me thus, I will not attempt to detain her."

Mallison escorted her and Mrs Willis to the stage where they purposed to sleep for that night. The next morning they were attended by the young Montagus, who had advanced thus far to meet them. My sister felt the kindest sentiments for Mallison on this occasion. She was delighted to observe the familiarity which was at length brought about between me and my *quondam* school-fellow. The assiduities he exercised towards me were a truly exemplary spectacle. I have already described them. He was constantly alive to my comforts ; he lost no opportunity of rendering me

every service, and procuring me every amusement in his power. Henrietta thanked him in the warmest terms for all that she had seen, and all that she had heard, of his attentions. She exhorted him to persevere in the course on which he had so auspiciously entered. She expressed with earnestness, how unspeakably she herself, and all that were connected with the Mandeville family, would feel indebted to him for a kindness so beneficent. What my sister said was delivered by her, not in the mere style of a graceful compliment, nor with the flattering condescension which a superior sometimes so successfully employs to an inferior, but with the true ardour of sisterly affection. There was a bewitching frankness in her manner, on all occasions, and to all persons: and, in what passed on this little journey, the animation of her soul from time to time made her almost forget who she was talking to; and, as it was a brother that occupied her thoughts, the

cordiality of her discourse was such, that you would hardly have thought but that she was addressing a brother. Both the ladies spoke to the young man in the language of the heart, and communicated their approbation and their grateful feelings with the most lively sincerity. Poor Mallison, who had never done any thing in the whole course of his life to merit any one's approbation, was transported with the novelty of the situation. It was with the utmost difficulty, and by means only of the severe habits of dissimulation to which he had addicted himself, that he could be prevented from breaking out into the utmost extravagance of youthful intoxication, and falling into disgustful and ruinous follies.

The pupil-solicitor was the more enchanted with the occurrences of this delightful evening, because they so precisely fell in with the plan which the uncle had formed for fixing the fortune of his nephew. This was one of the many projects he had

conceived, for transferring the whole property of the house of Mandeville, to the house of Montfort, hitherto Holloway. The scheme I allude to, was no less than that of bringing about a marriage between Mallison and my sister. The youth indeed, however destitute of imagination and refinement, had all that impression of the distinction of ranks, which is often found to exist as completely in the dullest, as in the most elegant minds. He was therefore beyond measure astonished with his good fortune. Had he not been well fortified by the dextrous and persevering lessons of his uncle, assisted, as they fortunately were, by the invincible coldness of his own heart, he would infallibly have made a declaration in all the forms to Henrietta, before they parted; or, if his extravagance had stopped short of that, he would at least by ogling, by the languishing tones with which he addressed her, and by all the nameless indications of a lover, have betrayed the secret,

not indeed of his heart, but which lay brooding in his brain. But, no: he scorned to be conquered by the frailer part of his nature. Mallison was a practical philosopher; and he had the honour to part from my sister on this critical occasion, without allowing her or Mrs Willis once to take notice of the thought that was uppermost in his own mind.

He returned to his uncle, and related the prosperous success which had attended the commencement of his suit. The old gentleman listened to the narrative with the most enviable sensations. Wealth was the ruling passion that predominated over all others in his bosom. Yet had not this passion so swallowed up the rest, but that he had still a corner in his heart for considerations of family and rank. He now began to look forward, by means of this marriage of his nephew, to the founding a family. He considered me, in some way or other, as inevitably cut off from the succession.

Either I should fall a victim by death to the unhappy constitution of my mind, or I should subside into a permanent state of distraction or fatuity, “no son of mine succeeding.” Henrietta would then remain the only representative of our ancient house; and her husband would be no longer a Malison, no longer a Montfort, but the genuine successor to the honours of Mandeville. The doting solicitor began to look upon his nephew with other eyes than he had regarded him with before; he felt towards him a sort of commencing reverence and awe; and was seized with something of the same transport as Sir Giles Overreach in the play, when he imagined to himself in prophetic vision, his “honourable daughter,” his “right honourable daughter!”

The uncle and the nephew laid their heads together, to consult how the suit of the latter should be most successfully prosecuted. Poor Holloway lost his discretion in a great degree, under this new

aspect of his fortunes. He no longer could discern in Mallison the overgrown school-boy, the aukward and unimaginative attorney's clerk, with a blundering intellect, a lame and unprosperous carriage, and an illiberal disposition. To his inflamed and drunken conception he put him fully upon a level with me, with Clifford, or with either of the accomplished sons of Lord Montagu ; or rather he figured him as riding triumphantly over all. He was therefore ridiculous enough, to be impatient to bring him into contrast with his equals in age, his inferiors, as Holloway fondly flattered himself, in all that is most elemental and considerable in man.

The family of Montagu was to return, after the festivities of the marriage of their kinsman were completed, from Northamptonshire to their seat upon the New Forest. Hither Holloway was in haste to send his nephew, that no time might be lost; and no cross accidente might be suffered to in-

tervene, to bar him from the golden crop he looked for. Accordingly, almost as soon as intelligence reached us that the family had left Boughton for Hampshire, Mallison was dispatched to carry news of my improving health to the ladies at the Cottage.

CHAPTER IX.

EVERY thing happened in one respect, as the veteran solicitor would have wished : the ladies had been invited to dine the next day at the house of the noble baron. They had been much pleased with Mallison, as I have related, in their late excursion into Derbyshire : they were still more gratified with the favourable report he now brought respecting me. The young Montagus called in, in their ride before dinner, to remind Mrs Willis and Henrietta of their engagement ; and Mallison happened to be present. This hopeful suitor to my sister, as he presumptuously regarded himself,

and these young gentlemen, had never met before. Mrs Willis, who was in high good humour, introduced him; not as the nephew of Holloway, my guardian, but as a *ci-devant* Wintonian, and my particular friend, to whom they were under great obligations. The Montagus had never heard his name. They therefore invited him to accompany the ladies in their visit; and the invitation was no sooner given than accepted. To crown the scene, beside several visitors from among the neighbouring gentry, there was an unexpected guest: it was Clifford.

Mallison, encouraged by the warm hopes and the magnificent dreams of his uncle, had been presumptuous enough in accepting the invitation; but he had no sooner entered the avenue of Montagu House, than his heart misgave him. The spaciousness of the apartments, and the splendour of the service overawed him. He had seen a nobleman's house before, by a

fee to the housekeeper when the master was absent ; but this he felt to be quite a different thing. The venerable air and solemn courtesy of the old Lord Montagu and his lady, were a spectacle he had never encountered. But the constant presence of mind, the entire ease, the vivacious tone, and the light and graceful motions, of the young Montagus and of Clifford, were still more terrible to him. The saloon was also crowded with ladies in the most costly attire. Mallison shrunk back with fear ; his manner grew every moment more and more ludicrous and sheepish ; and he seemed to feel within himself what a scoundrel he was.

There was however another thing, which added inexpressibly to the tortures of his ignoble soul. He now for the first time conceived in his heart the passion of jealousy. Clifford, at least in the beauty of his exterior, and the nameless graces of his person, surpassed even the sons, as much

as Henrietta eclipsed the daughters, of the house of Montagu. No unprejudiced stranger could have seen them together, without being struck with the thought that they were destined for each other. But Mallison believed that he remarked something more than this. He seemed to perceive an extraordinary degree of mutual understanding between them. There was something in all their motions, which might best be described by borrowing the phrase of a great French philosopher, of a "pre-established harmony." Their eyes followed each other; their highest pleasure lay in observing what either said or did; and, when their glances encountered, an increased animation was visible in his eyes, while a slight tinge of added colour flitted across her cheek.

The presentation of the hopeful Mallison at the drawing-room of Lord Montagu, was an event to which both he and his uncle had looked forward with eager im-

patience. The day came ; but the event proved altogether different from what they had anticipated. The sensations of our ardent adventurer bore a striking resemblance to those of Phaeton, when he found himself irretrievably engaged in the career of Apollo. Mallison, flattered by his uncle, and dazzled with the high destinies that he believed awaited him, had thought himself, as he sat in their oak-parlour in Derbyshire, equal to any enterprise. But, amidst the magnificent tapestries and the Persian carpets of Lord Montagu, his convictions were totally different. He was no sooner fairly entered, than he wished himself at the bottom of the sea. And, when he beheld the mutual partiality of the beautiful vision in the form of a woman, whom he had designed for the victim of his sordid ambition, and Clifford, he felt in his breast all the malignity of a demon. To do him justice, he was totally blind to all the extraordinary qualities of his rival.

He believed that the success and the good fortune he witnessed, were entirely owing to one simple cause, an easy assurance. He lamented over the modesty of his own merit: for, while in his cool and calculating head he planned some attack to be made upon, or trifling service to be rendered to my sister, Clifford was sure to step in, and with a ready grace to do the thing, which he had only purposed.

He attempted to speak to Clifford, as his old school-fellow; and, I must confess it to the honour even of my adversary, the ingenuousness of Clifford's temper was such, as to make it impossible for him to design to put down any man, or wantonly to give him uncomfortable sensations. But the ease, the openness, and the grace, with which he met the salutation of Mallison, proved even more distressing, than reserve and haughtiness could have done: it made the embryo-lawyer savour to the very dregs, the utter contrast between the benignity

and self-possession of Clifford, and his own wretched consciousness of foul thoughts and a base and groveling character. He could not thoroughly comprehend where the difference lay ; but he felt that hope, like Themis of old, had spread her airy wings, and abandoned him for ever. In all probability, this feeling would not have been excited in him, but for the appurtenances and accidents of the scene ; and accordingly, when that scene was removed, it will appear that at no distant period he recovered all his accustomed presumption.

Mallison returned with the ladies in the close of the day, and having seen them home, departed to a village-inn hard by. But they could not help remarking, that he seemed a totally altered being. Even Mallison, to whom they had considered themselves as so much indebted, appeared no longer amiable. His confidence and his self-complacence were gone. He was morose, sullen and silent, And you may think

how Mallison's features, which at best had a sufficiently heavy and brutal expression, looked, when he no longer played a part, but surrendered himself up to the most unsocial passions.

When this promising youth returned once more to his uncle, he had a very different story to tell, from that which had gained him so much applause upon his preceding interview with Henrietta. But Holloway was a man not to be turned aside from his purpose. He was like Horace's personage "just and inflexible of soul :"

If the cracked orbs should split and fall,
Crush him they would, but not appal. *

Or, to express the thing in a less poetical phraseology, he was not to be deterred by obstacles, but had an unabated confidence in his own resources.

He saw however the necessity of intro-

* Fanshaw.

ducing an amendment into his plans. He had begun with representing my state of body and mind in the most unfavourable light, that he might the more easily gain possession of my person, and that he might impress all my connections the more deeply with a sense of the obligations they were under to him. He now perceived that the surest card he had, was to endeavour to gain me over to his party, and bring me forward as the instrument of his purposes. He was aware how profound was my hatred to Clifford, and that he might safely rely on me as an abettor to prevent an alliance in that quarter. He did not know how far he would be able to use me as a direct accessory in his favourite purpose of joining the hands of Mallison and Henrietta : but confusion was his element ; and he did not doubt, while all things were in a state of commotion and tempest, to find his advantage in the storm, or even that, when the battle was committed, he should

lead me further than in the beginning I had ever contemplated.

It was Mallison's cue, to lay before me all he had observed in his late visit to Beau-lieu. I was sufficiently shocked with the idea, that he had seen Clifford! All that he added to this, I frankly set down to his own gratuitous malignity. In my private estimate of the character of my inmate, I had never flattered him; and I gave him credit for his ingenuity, in inventing and laying before me the most diabolical idea that could be engendered in the thoughts of a human being, that of an ardent passion and an indissoluble union between this fearful and endless adversary to my peace, and the only person the love of whom still linked me to the accursed scene of the world. But I took pride to myself in this, that I was not prepared to be the dupe of his hellish tale. "No, no," I said, "I have still so much of human intellect about me; I have so much of the health of the soul re-

maining, that I can shake off and puff away such a forgery with the contempt it deserves.”

But what remained of the communication which Mallison brought, was sufficiently grievous. I had now in my presence a person, who, a few hours before, had breathed the same air with my arch-enemy. This seemed to give a reality and demonstration to the reports that had been brought me, of the favourable reception of Clifford in society, since the event of his apostacy : and to me, who fondly calculated the number of reporters through whom the former stories of Mallison had reached me, and who counted each reporter in the series as a new ground authorizing me to doubt of the truth of the whole, that was by no means immaterial. Mallison stood before me like a person arrived from a town infected with the plague, and who had performed no quarantine : it seemed as if his clothes were poisoned, and the odour and the

very sight of him were deadly to me. Then add to this ; where had he seen Clifford ? At Lord Montagu's table, where I had so often sat with cordiality and joy : in company with Lord Montagu's sons, whose conversation and amity it had been delightful to me to recollect. I was no friend to what is vulgarly called toleration and liberality, but felt that I partook of the mind which Homer ascribes to Achilles, who says,

—— Nor fits it the respects

Of my vowed friend, to honour him that hath dishonoured me ;

It were his praise, to hurt with me the hurter of my state. *

But least of all, (though I put away all the other malignant insinuations of the historian of the scene) could I bear to think that Henrietta, heart of my heart, and soul of my soul, had sat at the same

* Chapman.

board, with this disgrace of his species, and plague of my existence.

Mallison was not a little irritated at my incredulity upon the point which he principally laboured, and resolved that I should not long hug myself in my present security.

Shortly after his return, I received a visit from the two sons of Lord Montagu. It was seldom, as I have already shown, that my solitude was disturbed by the intrusion of strangers ; yet I could not refuse to show some symptoms of pleasure, in receiving the compliment implied by the appearance of guests of so much distinction and worth. It will hereafter be seen that their visit was not an affair of compliment merely ; but that the purpose was to remark me more nearly, and to verify by their own personal observation what degree of credit was to be given to the statements of Holloway and Mallison respecting me.

My soul was fraught with a rooted par-

tiality to these young men, on account of a thousand excellent qualities with which they were endowed. Yet could I not forget for a moment that they had lately seen Clifford, that they had received him with civility, and that, whatever marks of confidence and distinction they now extended to me, he had reaped the crop that preceded mine, and that what I got, that would otherwise have been grateful to me, was by that circumstance rendered faded and worthless. I was like a jealous lover. I required that the friendship that was offered to me, should be a virgin and a first love. I could not ally myself with

a common laugher, one who used
To stale with ordinary oaths his league
To every new protester.

They had received Clifford, and by that act had shown a want of true moral discrimination, a deadness of soul, that made all the preferences and partiality they could

express not worth the having. By this reasoning I shut up my heart against them; I wore a moodiness of mind upon my brow; and the tone of my voice was bereaved of all the notes that emphatically express cordiality and affection.

We talked of a hundred miscellaneous subjects. They tried me with literature and with questions of ordinary life. They spoke of the sports of the field, and of all the amusements congenial to a rural life. They talked of horsemanship, of the various qualities with which this noble animal, the best servant of man, is endowed, of his instinct, and the points in which his memory and sagacity approach most nearly to human understanding. They enquired with great interest respecting my late accident, and speculated, playfully, yet affectionately, upon the tediousness and want of amusement that must have attended my cure. They made sport of the characters and qualities of my present inmates, and

laughed at the very ingenious manner in which they had introduced themselves to that situation. They talked of my family-mansion, of the many advantages which they heard it possessed, and of the great taste of the improvements that I had meditated or had begun. Every thing on their part expressed kindness and the most perfect sympathy ; but they could not conquer me. No allurements, not all the siren music which they touched with so admirable a skill, could tempt me to pass beyond the reserve in which I had obstinately intrenched myself.

But, with all the ease which these admirable young men seemed to use in their conversation with me, there were a variety of topics that they sedulously avoided. They knew the sore places of my soul, and were careful not to touch upon any thing that might seem calculated to awaken in me painful remembrances. The last thing in which they would have allowed them-

selves, was to make any mention of Clifford. They said nothing on politics, the present government of the protector, or the hoped-for restoration of the king. At the moment they spoke, it was understood that Cromwel was dying; but they made no allusion to that important event. They remembered how painfully matters of this kind had operated in my short experiment of human life, and that they had afflicted me with a temporary privation of reason. Yet, a great part of the object of their visit, was, in the most delicate and tender manner, to probe my soul; and they could not with any propriety put an end to it, till they had in some way performed the purpose for which they came.

During the earlier part of the interview, these young noblemen, though not entirely satisfied with my manner, if tried by the laws of friendship, yet by no means saw enough to justify the representations that had been made by Holloway and his ne-

phew, that I was in the condition of a person not competent to the ordinary business and intercourses of human life. They accordingly expostulated with the solicitor on the subject, and reproached him sharply (particularly Edward, who was much the more impetuous of the two), insinuating a fear that he had had some crooked and dishonourable design, in describing me, in a way that the appearances they had observed by no means justified.

Holloway, as I have said, began by this time to repent of the representations he had made respecting me, and to think that the purposes he had in view required from him a different mode of proceeding. The present occasion afforded to so masterly a politician a most desirable opportunity of retracing his steps, and recanting all the disqualifications with which he had loaded me. He seemed to have nothing to do, but to fall in with the suggestions of the Montagus, and to compliment them on the

infallibility of the judgment they had formed. But this profound statesman was for once seduced from the great principles of conduct, by which his life had been governed. He was irritated (such is human vanity and frailty) by the contradiction which these young gentlemen presumed to give to his assertions; he was offended with the insinuations they threw out against the unimpeachableness of his motives; and he resolved upon a triumphant refutation of their error. He told them plainly, that they were little acquainted with the subtlety and deceitful appearances presented by a mind in the state in which mine was, and that nothing was more common, even among the inhabitants of a house appropriated for the reception of lunatics, than to find a person, whose intellect was sane, and his conversation rational, upon all topics but one.

The Montagus proceeded upon the suggestion of Holloway. They conceived it

absolutely necessary that they should not return home, without the satisfaction they had come hither to seek ; and they determined for once, to lay aside their delicacy and forbearance, for the accomplishment of their end. Very little contrivance happened to be necessary on their part. They began with the mention of the Earl of Bristol, whose high talents, whose accomplishments, and whose unstained loyalty they commemorated in lofty terms.

This was enough for me. They touched the master-key, that made most discord and tumult in my bosom. A thousand terrible recollections rushed upon me at once. The last time I had met with the name of Lord Bristol, was in the memorable recantation-scene at Ghent. I knew little of him beside, and what little I did, did not prepossess me in his favour. To hear this man applauded therefore, was to me a whole volume of blasphemies and execrations at once. They uttered the name of Bristol ;

but I heard nothing but Clifford. And every word they pronounced was such an overturning of all moral principles and sacred truths, that I could not sit still and tamely witness it. My mind however, from some cause, must have been in a peculiarly inflammable state ; or else I could not have broken out at once with such inconceivable violence as I did. Upon many occasions I have mastered myself, I have checked the "climbing passion" within me, I have braced my eye-strings, and governed my tones and my words. But it was not so now.

I said, that Lord Bristol was the pest of the human species, and I would not endure to hear him named in my presence. I raved of the whore of Babylon, and the beast which St John had seen in his desolate exile in the isle of Patmos. I said, that all other crimes were whiter than innocence compared with that of him, who returned again to the filthiness his forefa-

thers had abjured, and endeavoured to set up afresh the image of Dagon, which God with his thunder had dashed into fragments. I prayed fervently, that I might live to see such recreants and misbelievers made memorable examples and unperishable monuments of "the wrath of the Lamb." I talked of the fire from heaven, by which Sodom and Gomorrah of old had been reduced into ashes, and were made a pool, exuding noisome and stinking vapours to latest generations. I knew that hell had in reserve a receptacle of fiercer and more devouring flames than was the inheritance of ordinary reprobation, for such unheard of monsters. While I spoke, my face blackened with rage, my eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the saliva gathered upon my lips in an abundant foam.

The Montagus became seriously alarmed at the effect of their experiment. They addressed me in the most soothing tones; they essayed every artifice of humanity to

calm me. It was in vain. I would not hear them. The interposition of the gentlest obstacle, only served to work me into a more tremendous rage. I poured along a stream of maniac eloquence, that knew neither suspension nor end. I did not stop, till the organs of respiration refused to furnish me any longer with voice; and I then sunk into a state of almost total insensibility. It must be confessed, that this was neither more nor less than a genuine attack of frenzy.

My visitors were now satisfied as to the point, upon which they had previously been sceptical; and the malignant and treacherous insinuations of Holloway were terribly justified. They had no inclination to prolong their visit any further; and they staid till the evening, upon a feeling of humanity merely, and that they might not desert a poor creature whom they had themselves thrown into so alarming a state, without waiting till he was tolerably recovered.

They however thought it advisable for a time not to exasperate me by their presence, and left me in the hands of my familiar, Mallison. When I saw them again, I apologized for my violence, and said that I was far from being in a healthful state either of body or mind ; but neither they nor I felt inclined to enter on the subject anew.

CHAPTER X.



It is time that I should proceed to explain the relation that at this time existed between Clifford and Henrietta. They had first met, in the interval that occurred between my leaving Winchester and the expedition of Penruddock, I being then a student in the university. Henrietta was on a visit to a friend of Mrs Willis at Petersfield on the confines of Sussex, and Clifford's mother was a resident in the same place. The town of Petersfield, though accustomed to the privilege of sending two members to parliament, was of small dimensions; and such of its inhabitants, as

were raised in any degree above the lowest class in the community, were habituated to live in much harmony and good neighbourhood with each other. The lady at whose house Henrietta now resided for a few weeks, and Mrs Clifford, were old friends. My school-mate, who at this time had left Winchester, and whose destination in life was yet unsettled, was for the present under the roof of his mother. He was advertised, as I have since heard, of the expected visit of Henrietta, and warned to be upon his guard not to lose his heart to her, as he was an adventurer only, and she was an heiress. Such warnings will often be found to fail of producing the effect which their prudent authors have in view. In a country-town the merits of a young person, especially if she be fair, and combine a certain dignity of understanding with a conspicuous frankness of heart, will be apt to be exaggerated. The merits of Henrietta could not be exaggerated. Every

assembly and every tea-table in Petersfield resounded with her praises, for a whole week before she arrived. On the day that was fixed for her coming, the town was in commotion. Clifford and his mother were at the dwelling of her hostess when she alighted; and if his expectations of the beautiful stranger had been raised before she appeared, his feelings now were like those of the Queen of Sheba in holy writ; "Lo, I believed not the report that I heard, until I saw; and behold, the half was not told unto me." If the reader has in any way entered into the portraits I have attempted of Clifford and Henrietta, he need not be told how improbable it was, that a petty town, like Petersfield, should contain an individual that could in the smallest degree vie with either. In the meantime, as it was an adjudged case, that Henrietta was a being "out of the young man's sphere," and as Clifford was notorious for a disposition the very opposite of sordid.

ness and intrigue, it was not considered as in any way necessary to put a bar to their intercourse.

Clifford himself was influenced by the same considerations, that governed the proceedings of those who were naturally the guardians of the young persons. He felt the impossibility of supposing that he could be any thing to Henrietta but a friend, and therefore trusted himself to the fascinations of her society with a fearless confidence. He believed that he could

Enter the very lime-twigs of its spells,
And yet come off.

He took many a solitary walk with my sister by the hills and the meadows in the neighbourhood of Petersfield. He talked with her of her connections. The circumstance that he and I had been school-fellows together, served in some degree as a bond between them. He spoke of me in

terms of liberal praise. It was impossible to suspect from what he said, that there had ever been any ill blood between us, as indeed on his part there had not. On the contrary, Henrietta loved him for the warm and affectionate terms in which he expressed himself, of her dear and only brother. They spoke also of the Montagus. And here my sister was delighted to enlarge upon the worth and the merits of persons, to whom her companion was at this time a total stranger. The tone of conversation between Clifford and Henrietta was, for some reason, extremely different from that which had so often occurred between her and the Montagus. To the intercourse of these gallant youths she had been accustomed from her childhood; but Clifford was a novelty. With Clifford she was again and again engaged in solitary rambles; but then she seldom saw apart the one from the other, for indeed they were almost inseparable. And it was, I believe, the judg-

ment of all indifferent spectators, that his attractions were superior to theirs. There was in Clifford that nameless something, that indescribable charm, that no female heart can resist; and even when, as in this case, he purposed no conquest, the affections of the unfortunate fair one were not the less prostrated at his feet. They wandered together, unconscious of any thing, but the pleasure of each other's conversation, and the mutual approbation of each other's sentiments, and drank in the fascinating draught, without being aware of the nature of its ingredients, or the effects it would leave behind. They were both of them penetrated with the purest feelings of human charity: and, though their power of relieving the distresses of their fellow creatures was but small, it so happened that the demands made upon it were comparatively trivial; and they found, what every one in the more refined classes of society may find when he pleases, that

compassion, and attendance, and sympathy are more grateful offerings to the forlorn and the poor, than those gifts that the careless hand of wealth sometimes ostentatiously condescends to impart. Thus Clifford and Henrietta saw in each other the mirror of the mind of either; and each admired in the other what, when viewed at home, in the silence of retrospection, hardly assumed the name of merit.

This is a very simple tale; but its ultimate consequences were memorable, tragical and tremendous. The time limited for Henrietta's visit to Petersfield soon drew to a close; and the moment of parting discovered to this amiable pair a secret which, till then, neither had suspected. Their farewell was affectionate; they protested to each other an everlasting remembrance—friendship. Each of them had known friendship before; and on either side they could hardly divine why the feelings of this friendship should be so essentially dif-

ferent, from any that experience presented to their recollection. A mind disciplined in the levities of ordinary youth, would soon have taught them to give an appropriate explanation to what passed in their bosoms; but they were full of primitive purity and innocence; and the practice of the head, and an initiation in grosser conceptions, did not assist either, in giving point and a premature character of activity to the mysteries of the heart.

When Henrietta returned to the roof of her earliest friend, this clear-sighted and affectionate matron immediately perceived a material alteration in her fair charge. Henrietta had been the gayest of the gay; her spirits inexhaustible; her innocent levities the perpetual amusement of all that approached her. She was now grave and silent, given to reverie, fond of solitude, her fine, beaming, conscious eye perpetually turned on the ground. Mrs Willis several times surprised her in tears, and Hen-

rietta knew not why she wept. Henrietta, the sincerest of her sex, could give no explanation. Mrs Willis enquired anxiously the particulars of her visit to Petersfield, who she saw, and how she had spent her time. My sister answered ingenuously to all the questions that were proposed to her; her matron-friend had never heard the name of Clifford, but her discernment, and her maternal regard for her charge, presently occasioned her to remark the greater glow of countenance, and the superior animation of voice, with which Henrietta always spoke of the companion of her rambles. Yet it was strange: she never mentioned him of her own accord; she never reverted to the subject, but when it was forced upon her; and ever and anon, in the midst of her warmth, she would check herself, and falter in her voice, without meaning any harm, and from the force of an intuitive modesty.

Well did Mrs Willis understand the

phenomena that were presented to her observation. Never, but on this one occasion, had she trusted Henrietta out of her sight; and bitterly did she repent that she had ever done so. She made a point of learning all the particulars she could respecting Clifford, and was informed without difficulty, that he was of a good family, of an unblemished character, but a beggar. One thing Mrs Willis was particularly on her guard against, the being made the confident of Henrietta's secret. Upon another point she was not less circumspect, carefully to avoid every thing that might lead her young friend to a clearer knowledge than she yet had, of her own mystery: both of them errors into which an ordinary woman in Mrs Willis's situation would immediately have fallen. She endeavoured to give full occupation to the mind of her charge; she knew that idleness and *desœuvrement* are among the most effectual fosterers of the passion of love. She insensibly led the

ideas of my sister to speculate on the mechanism of civilized society, the distinction of ranks, and the variously modified duties which society prescribes to the king and the beggar, the lord and the peasant, the woman of high birth and the lowly shepherdess. All this pointed in Mrs Willis's mind to the subject of a prudent and honourable discretion in marriage, though the direct notion was never suffered to intrude in her discourse. This sensible matron was strongly impressed with the thought, that, by skilful management on her part, the impression Henrietta had received from her intercourse with this fascinating youth, might be converted into a fugitive impulse merely, might be skinned over and obliterated.

If Henrietta did not forget Clifford, and frequently encountered him in her dreams, neither did the recollection of my sister fail to subsist in the most vivid colours in the mind of this gallant adventurer. He

however was not backward to reason with his love, and set himself earnestly to combat an unavailing passion. He was glad at least, that what he felt was shut up in his own bosom, and that he had been too honest, by the remotest hint ever to betray his secret to the object of his affection. His honesty had gone beyond that. As I have already said, it was the very moment of separation that first discovered the secret to himself. If he had suspected it earlier, earlier would he have set himself to contend with his infirmity. He would instantly have started some pretence for absenting himself; he had no right by indulgence to nourish his own disease. And Clifford had quite sense enough to know, that passion, however concealed and immature, seldom fails to produce some effect on the person towards whom it is directed, and, if it does not excite aversion, is apt to give birth to an image of itself.

These were the first thoughts of Clifford ;

but he presently came to see the subject in a different light. The admiration he had conceived for Henrietta was his primal lesson in the school of human society. Hitherto his imagination had run riot; and whatever was brilliant and prepossessing in its aspect, whatever savoured of independence and grandeur of soul, was sure to have him for its advocate. I have recorded his school-boy theorems on the subject of poverty and wealth. Now first the romance of a lover's feelings made him descend from the romance of abstractions. "I love Henrietta," he said to himself. "If I love her, why should not I win her? False diffidence is out of the question. Have not I the qualifications and endowments that might enable me to stand as a candidate for her affections? I dare not flatter myself that I have made any deep impression upon her, or that this angelic creature would feel uneasy in being deprived of me. But neither can I dissemble, that she liked my so-

ciety, and was partial to my conversation. I know they will say, I am not her equal, no suitable match for the daughter of a prosperous and an illustrious house. What is a man, but his body and his mind? But grant it, I am not her equal. All else may be supplied. No, I will never be the occasion of disgrace to Henrietta! I will never solicit her to do that for which any one shall have a right to reproach her. I will seem therefore to forget her; but I will never really forget her for a moment. She shall be my pole-star, the light by which I will steer my bark, the end that I will propose to myself in all my pursuits. I have seen hundreds of young men about me ambitious; I will also enlist myself under the standard of ambition. They are ambitious, for what? An empty name, a fluttering ribband, a sash with graceful folds, a feather, a gaudy title; or perhaps, in the hope that they may retire in the end of their days with all the accommodations of an

ample fortune. I have a higher prize in view ; and shall not my ambition be more successful than theirs ? Yes, I will take my leave of Henrietta ; but upon some glorious and happy day I will return, confessedly worthy of her love, and will claim her hand in the face of my country. I know not yet what shall be the express path I will elect ; but I also will engage in the career, and I will not doubt of my prosperous success."

Clifford had a young friend, in whom to a certain degree he reposed his confidence. Not that he ever named Henrietta to him ; that he would have considered as a breach of delicacy and honour. If the communion between him and my sister had gone so far, that in the glow of youthful sincerity and affection she had confessed herself partial, would he have had a right to violate her maiden modesty, by imparting that secret to another, which assuredly she would not so have imparted ? But in this

respect Henrietta was not in his power. He however would have thought that he was guilty of an undue levity towards her, if he had made her name a theme of talk with his young friend, by confessing, what he had but just begun to confess to his own heart, that the first wish of his soul was that Henrietta should be his. But, though upon this point he was not communicative to Calvert, yet, in the dear cordiality of unbending freedom, Clifford acknowledged to his friend, that he had lately somewhat altered his views of human life. He no longer looked upon it with the disdain of a Zeno, or the carelessness of an Aristippus, but was desirous to mix in its business, and be counted for something. He also had caught the flame of a generous ambition, and was resolved to record his deeds upon the column of fame. Calvert smiled at this resolution in the mind of his associate, and could not but feel some curiosity about the cause of the change. At length, he so

far wrung the secret from Clifford, that he was in love, and that he was impatient to render himself worthy of the object of his affection. But the name of his adored fair the amorous youth would by no means communicate.

Calvert was of course desirous to assist this young man, who was beloved by all that knew him, myself only excepted, in the object of his wishes. Among other means for an advantageous introduction into life, he mentioned the name of Lord Montagu. That name awakened in Clifford's bosom no ordinary degree of commotion. He knew that that nobleman's house at Beaulieu was within one little mile of the residence of "her whom his heart loved." What should he say to the proposal of an introduction to Lord Montagu? Should he refuse it, because it might possibly lead to a renewed intercourse with Henrietta? He ought not to desire to entangle her affections. It would be a breach

of all decency, that he should at present propose himself as a match for her : and, as to the course of prosperous achievements that he meditated by way of rendering himself worthy of her, in that he might be finally disappointed. He had already resolved that he would not profess himself her lover till the day of his purposed triumph ; and true honour and virtue required, that, in the painful interval, he should not so much as see her.

This was one view of the subject ; but Clifford had not fortitude enough to adhere to that. His soul was too fervent ; his passion too impetuous. “ Why should not I see her ? The severest morality cannot forbid that. I purpose a long separation ; surely I may allow myself just to bid her adieu. I will not talk of love. No ; sooner will I be torn in a thousand pieces. I will never cause to her gentle heart one moment’s uneasiness. But I will talk to her, believing her to be my friend. I will

tell her the views I have formed, the projects I have conceived. I will prepare her for my absence ; I will lead her to expect that we may meet again. That, without doing her any harm, may serve to prevent her from entirely forgetting me."

Laying " this flattering unction to his soul," Clifford thankfully accepted the kind proposal of his friend. The conversation I have related took place in London, and Calvert was going in a few days to make a short visit at Beaulieu. He proposed to the lover to seize the present opportunity, and accompany him : such a deviation from the usual route would add nothing worth speaking of, to the distance from London to Petersfield. The consultations between young persons, where the fancy is in any way engaged, are seldom of long duration ; they are not liable to the scruples and precautions of mistrustful old-age. It will easily be conceived, whether Clifford were not highly pleased with a project, which

promised him a speedy and unlooked-for interview with his mistress.

The two friends arrived promptly and without accident at Lord Montagu's at Beaulieu. My school-fellow was introduced for the first time to the noble proprietor and all his family. All were enchanted with his appearance, his manners, and his conversation. But Clifford had not been many hours under the roof of this nobleman, before he found an opportunity of stealing away from the company, and sallying forth alone. Henrietta had the most extraordinary talent in conveying a vivid picture of whatever she described, to the mind of any one that listened to her. If you heard her account of any strange place, and afterwards visited it in person, you felt as if you had previously seen it, and every thing came successively before you with a sense of reminiscence. I know not in what this art consisted, for she never seemed tedious and minute ; all her delineations

were composed of a few master-strokes only. The rest was to be supplied by the imagination of the hearer ; but she chose her points so skilfully, that it must be a very dull hearer indeed that missed his way. " Each lane, and every alley green, dingle or bushy dell," lay as in a map before him.

Clifford set out, with Henrietta's power of delineation, and the inspiration of love, for his guides. He did not miss the true path. He turned to the right at the corner of the park, and to the left at the end of the wood, just as he ought to have done. But the God was not this day a niggard of his bounty. By some wonderful chance, before Clifford was well within sight of the Cottage, he perceived Henrietta in the foot-path, advancing in the opposite direction. Her eyes were on the ground, and she seemed deep in meditation. Clifford withdrew a few steps under cover of the wood, that she might not observe him from a distance. As she proceeded, a little dog that

attended her steps, barked at him. Clifford advanced, and saluted my sister. Her first emotions were simply those of surprise, trepidation and joy ; and, as she was in the habit of giving utterance to her sensations, she expressed both her surprise and her joy in no equivocal terms.

Presently however she recollected herself, and wore a look of displeasure. She asked him gravely, to what she owed the seeing him, and what purpose he had in view? This was easily explained. He told of the introduction that had been offered him to Lord Montagu, and that after dinner he had strolled out in the domain. He ingenuously owned however, that a desire to see Henrietta once more, had joined with other motives, to induce him to accept the proposal. He told her of his altered views of life, and of his determination never to rest, till he had obtained for himself honours and distinction. He spoke frankly of the forlorn and unprovided way in which he

entered the career of life, and with sanguine assurance, that he would tread all obstacles under his feet. He added, “Henrietta, you are my friend; I am sure you are. You have listened with complacency to the little detail of my boyish sentiments. The approbation of innocence and beauty in your sex, is necessary to sustain ours in arduous undertakings. You are the only one of the guardian inspirers of manly virtue, to whom I have ever ventured to pour out my thoughts. I could not therefore set out upon this voyage, without obtaining from you the indulgence of a few moments to unfold my views. Give them your sanction! When I go forth, do you invoke the blessing of heaven upon my purposes! I ask no more.”

Henrietta’s conceptions of honour and right conduct were more lively and animated, than those of any other person I ever knew. It has been seen how she talked to me of the sentiments I ought to entertain,

and the conduct it became me to pursue; nor was the clearness of her soul less conspicuous in this interview with Clifford. Her eyes sparkled, while he spoke of the ambition that pervaded him, and the projects he had formed. "Go on," she said. "Just such resolutions as you now express, I expected from you. The times have need of young men, so gallant and high of soul as you are. England shall again be restored; and other Raleighs and other Falklands shall refresh her annals. Clifford, I will not forget you. My thoughts shall follow you; my enquiries shall collect your memorials. And in the end, or in the intervals of your achievements, remember to come to me again. The means of our meeting will easily be found; I know not how, but my prophetic soul tells me, we shall see each other hereafter. Clifford, I have considered you with an observing eye, and I approve you." And, saying this, she drew a ring

from her finger, and placed it on his, with the motto, "*Je n'oublierai pas.*"

Much more passed in this accidental conversation. Clifford thanked her in a more expressive way than mere words would convey, for her approbation. He smiled a thoughtful and heart-beaming smile, while he said, in the language of elder times, that he would be her knight. He looked with transported thoughts on the ring he had received from her hand, and kissed it.

The interview in which Clifford and Henrietta thus saw each other alone, was short, but its effects were memorable. They parted, considerably altered in sentiments and rumination, from the frame in which they met. Clifford became convinced, that, if the attachment he had conceived for Henrietta was ardent, his was not a solitary sentiment. He was now more deeply read in the language of love, than the last time they met: Then he had not the clue, he did not know the state of his own heart.

It is surprising how a circumstance of this sort quickens the apprehension: Each little, nearly imperceptible indication on the part of Henrietta, of what passed within her bosom, was like a note struck upon one of two musical instruments set to the same key: it drew a sound from the corresponding string in Clifford's bosom; and knowing in himself the meaning of that, it enabled him to read without mistake in the heart of his mistress.

“Why too,” he said to himself, “did she express herself angry in the beginning of the interview? If I had been indifferent to her, what right had she to be angry? It showed that she understood more, than simple decorum would have bid her own she understood: and how came the idea in her head?”

Clifford was transported with the discovery he believed he had made. “Does she condescend to cast an eye of favour on me; and shall not that make another man of me?”

Am I of importance to her ; and shall not that make me considerable in my own eyes ? Are the peace and happiness of this divine creature in any degree dependent on me ; and will I not take an especial care that no harm results to her from so unmerited a condescension ? I was ambitious before ; but now I feel that the strength of twenty men nerves this arm, and new strings this soul. Urged by this powerful thought, all obstacles disappear, mountains sink into plains, “ to make what cannot be, slight work.’

CHAPTER XI.



IN the minutes that Clifford and Henrietta walked together, they had insensibly drawn nearer to the cottage. Mrs Willis was walking in the garden, and perceived her beloved charge engaged in earnest talk with a young man of a very noble and prepossessing air, whom Mrs Willis herself had never seen before. Their gestures to an experienced eye told I know not what of partiality and confidence. It occurred strongly to Mrs Willis's mind, that this could be no other than Clifford. Poor Henrietta had been wholly unaccustomed to precaution and disguise ; she lived with

Mrs Willis as a friend only, and not as a person by whom she was to be controled ; and her innocence taught her, that she had nothing to conceal, and nothing to fear. She did not therefore regard this interview as a furtive one ; and the thought did not occur to her, “ Let us take care, and set proper limits to our walk, that we may not be seen.”

When Henrietta returned to her own roof, she appeared more than usually absent and thoughtful. Mrs Willis gave her time to recollect herself, that she might see whether my sister would of her own accord enter into an explanation of what the other had just seen. She did not. When Henrietta spoke it was upon indifferent subjects, and with the air of a person whose mind was not in what she talked of. At length the elder lady put the direct question, “ Who was the young cavalier, with whom I saw you engaged a few minutes before you came in ?” Henrietta blushed.

With an expression of some complacency in her countenance, she said, " Did you see him? Why, that was Clifford, the gentleman, whose society and conversation gave me so much pleasure at Petersfield."

This was a moment, that inflicted a very unusual degree of pain upon Mrs Willis. She saw, from Henrietta's blush, and her distracted air, if she had not been convinced of it before, that Clifford had made a very dangerous impression on the heart of her charge. The most injurious and unworthy suspicions at this time rushed into the mind of Mrs Willis. " What had produced this interview? How came Clifford in the vicinity of Beaulieu Cottage? What am I to understand has previously passed between him and Henrietta? Was this meeting a concerted one? Is it possible that, by means that have escaped my penetration, there has been a regular clandestine correspondence between them?"

The thing meanwhile that occurred to

her, as first to be done, was to question Henrietta on the subject. She received in return a very clear and unequivocal explanation. The moment however was critical: The veil with which Mrs Willis had hitherto covered her thoughts, was removed. In the perturbation of her spirit, she instantaneously changed her mode of proceeding. She spoke to Henrietta at once, and in direct terms, of the state of her heart. She told her that it was necessary, that she should call up the firmness of her soul, and dismiss a weakness which, if it were not checked, might prove fatal to her peace.

Henrietta was shocked that it could be imputed to her, that she could do, or feel any thing, contrary to the strictest laws of propriety. The mode of conduct which Mrs Willis now adopted, was inconsiderate. It is dangerous, particularly where you have to do with an innocent and inexperienced mind, hastily to impute a fault. We live in a great measure, almost all of us,

in the opinions of others, especially of those we respect. While I am thought incapable of an error, I shall find it difficult to fall into one. Most of all, I shall be little disposed to regard with indulgence and favour that deviation, which it is judged impossible I should ever commit. But, if you warn me, particularly in a tone which gives me credit for my frailty, you have already in some measure taken away my character. You have thrown down the barrier, which seemed to set me at an insurmountable distance from vice and folly; you have removed me, from that elevated ground, the possession of which is often the best security against dishonour.

Henrietta spoke of the plans and resolutions that Clifford had formed for the advancement of his fortune. "Not," as she prettily added, "that this is any thing to me. I assure you, my dear aunt, (this was an appellation of fondness that she frequently bestowed on Mrs Willis,) he has

never made love to me; he has never uttered the word; I do not believe he thinks of any such thing. And I can tell you, I am not a girl to throw myself at the head of the first likely young man that comes in my way. But still I would not have him on my account suffer injustice, and be represented as nobody.”

Mrs Willis took little notice of the pretty artifices and ingenious turns of thought, by which Henrietta vindicated herself from the imputation of falling in love with a man, who had never avowed a partiality to her. She only exclaimed against the infatuation, of giving a person by anticipation the fortune and the honourable state which he has set up a resolution to acquire; and she drew a vivid picture of the world, its ruggednesses, its acclivities and precipices, the obstacles that were thrown in the way of young ambition, the crosses and animosities it was sure to encounter, the innumerable accidents by which it was baffled, and inferred, that not one young

man in five hundred, was lucky enough to realize the romantic visions of an inexperienced fancy. She concluded with a very serious remonstrance to my sister, that she should set herself to cure this infatuation, while yet there was time.

“My lovely girl,” said this admirable matron, “you have always been my pride, and the wonder of all that knew you. Your accomplishments are extraordinary, and your understanding is of a very exalted class. I have at all times found in you the best dispositions. No one sees more justly into the different relations of human beings, or can read more convincing and unanswerable lessons of purity and propriety to every one for whose welfare you are concerned. Virtue is doubly virtue, when inspired and recommended by you; no one can listen to you, without feeling his whole soul penetrated with moral ambition and the most generous resolutions. The ears tingle that hear you;

the heart beats with holy rapture ; and men wonder that vice and infirmity should ever have found a moment's harbour in their bosom. I cannot even explain to myself whence this comes ; but, in the various gifts of a superintending creator, some are born with endowments, that no advantages of birth and education can account for, and that to many those advantages can never impart. In your cradle, as in that of Plato, a swarm of bees seems to have gathered round your lips, and the persuasion of moral wisdom and rectitude falls irresistible from your tongue.

“ No, Henrietta, no ; you must not, shall not, fall. The honour of your sex is bound up in you ; the women of England, if they could choose a representative for the glory and crown of their entire community, would fix on you. With you they prosper, and with you decay. Their character for an entire age is gone, if you show yourself, lofty indeed in purpose, excellent

while the object is only to talk this well, but in act characterized by the same frailty as the meanest, vanquished by the same follies, enslaved by the same passions, dictated to by the same caprice, governed by impulse, and incapable of dedicating yourself at the holy shrine of a principle."

Every word that Mrs Willis uttered, went to my sister's heart. She touched a string, that guided and controled every power of her nature. Henrietta saw the delusion into which she had fallen, and blushed. This you would think was a victory for Mrs Willis and discretion. But it was not so. Little was this amiable matron disposed to congratulate herself upon her conquest. Henrietta appeared like Patience herself. Never was she heard to utter a murmur. Least of all did she, like a vulgar love-sick girl, pity herself, play a double and a treacherous part, and, pretending to resist as much as she could, in secret open the gates to the ene-

my. No ; she was a true heroine, brave, generous and unalterable. But the arrow had penetrated deep ; her health seemed to give way under the struggle. Mrs Willis watched her with unceasing anxiety : she saw her hollow eyes, her sleepless nights, her serenity gone, her flashes of harmless gaiety, her light, tripping step that spoke the health and ease of her mind, appearing no more. Ever and anon, Henrietta would make a gallant attempt to sustain her former character ; but, somehow or other, it always failed, before the effort was half performed. “ Be under no uneasiness ; I shall do very well,” said my sister, with a forced cheerfulness. But Mrs Willis had a painful foreboding, that she would not “ do very well.”

Hitherto no one but Mrs Willis was acquainted with the weakness of Henrietta’s bosom ; but an unfortunate accident more than half revealed it. One day they were dining, as was often the case, at Lord

Montagu's table. My sister's spirits were in a diseased state, and her general health feeble and alarming, a subject of much anxiety, even to those friends, who were unacquainted with the secret hurt that seemed mining her constitution. This day she was a little worse than usual : but she scorned to yield like a coward, and, on the contrary, thought it became her resolutely to contend with and to vanquish her enemy. Solitude and pensive thought were evils that she had particularly to fear ; and therefore, though scarcely fit for company, she preferred it to the treachery of reflection.

During dinner the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of some late very tempestuous weather. The storm had prevailed with particular severity at Portsmouth ; and as it came on in a very sudden manner, it had not only done considerable damage among the shipping, but an uncommon number of boats had also

perished. A gentleman, one of the company, who had just arrived from the spot, said, that among the number of lives that were lost, there was one young man who seemed to be particularly regretted, and whose name was Clifford. He had taken leave of his mother and several friends at Portsmouth, and had purposed to go over to the Isle of Wight, to the house of an acquaintance, by whom he was invited to a festival that was to be given on occasion of this islander's coming of age. The boat had scarcely made its way out of the harbour, when it was attacked with all the fury of the elements, and Clifford and all that were on board perished, in the very sight of his despairing mother, who witnessed the fatal event.—The intelligence of this stranger was premature. The boat indeed had sunk, and it was for a few hours believed that Clifford had been a victim to the storm. It was still believed, when the stranger left Portsmouth. But he escaped

on board a vessel in the harbour, and was restored to his terrified and disconsolate friends.

The stranger was without apprehension pursuing his narrative, when the attention of the company was suddenly drawn off from his discourse. Henrietta fell back on her seat in a state of total insensibility; and, had not *Mrs Willis*, who took the alarm from the moment the stranger began his tale, been on the watch to support her, she would have fallen from her chair on the ground. My sister was taken from the table and led into the garden. The stranger stammered out a hundred apologies. He asked, if the young lady were any relation to the unfortunate Clifford? The *Montagus* wondered; and thoughts suddenly occurred to their minds, that had never been dreamed of before. The common excuses were made, that the young lady was in a poor state of health, and the room was hot; but there seemed to be

something behind, that these excuses were hardly sufficient to explain. Henrietta herself, as soon as she recovered her senses, felt so ashamed and shocked at what had passed, that she begged she might immediately go home.

One night she spent in melancholy reverie on the tale she had heard. Death puts an end to all the distinctions of rank and fortune; and the chastest woman alive feels, as if without reproach she might love the dead. Henrietta gave a loose to all the tenderness of her nature. "He is gone," she said, "and I am now free to celebrate his obsequies. Yes; in my heart, Clifford, shall be thy grave; and in my memory, and my lonely reveries, thou shalt have a funeral procession, more splendid, and of a slower and longer march, than ever attended a monarch's remains. That beauteous form, those limbs whose motions might have charmed a seraph from his sphere, now lie at the bottom of the sea. Those

eyes, so soft, so beaming, so expressive of the best emotions of the soul, are now vacant of their lustre and their meaning. No shroud shall cover, and no hearse receive thee. The whelming waters shall roll over thy frame, and the restless tides shall float thee from shore to shore. No friendly hand perhaps shall afford even a little earth to cover thee; but thou shalt at least lie embalmed in my unperishing recollections. For ever shall thy image be before me; the eyes of my mind shall contemplate thy figure, thy voice shall be in my ears. Never have I regarded any youth with maiden affection but thee; and my virgin vows shall be consecrated to thy bones. The heyday of my life is past; and the rest of my years shall waste in mourning and in miseries. In this shall my heart find a hallowed luxury. No law forbids my union with the dead. No cool prudence comes in with its remorseless rules to interdict this junction; nor is there any

danger here, that the tenderest regard should lead me into any false steps, such as the censorious lay in wait for, and enlarge on with envious delight.”

Mrs Willis herself was led into the same error as Henrietta ; and, when Lord Montagu in person came the next morning to enquire for my sister's health, her matron-hostess thought disguise no longer necessary, particularly with so respected a friend, and disclosed to his lordship in confidence the secret malady of her charge. Lord Montagu listened to the tale with the tenderest concern. As they talked however, the idea occurred to his mind, that the loss of Clifford was not to be considered as absolutely certain ; and he resolved to send over an express to Portsmouth to ascertain the fact. The messenger speedily returned with the welcome intelligence, that Clifford was well, and had sustained no injury from the accident that had befallen him.

This information gave an entirely new turn to the ideas of Lord Montagu. He agreed with Mrs Willis, that the youthful passion of Henrietta was by all means to be discouraged ; and, though this unforeseen accident had brought to light all her secret weakness, they both of them hoped that the passion which had surprised her at unawares, might yet be extinguished without injury. They had great confidence in the rectitude of her judgment, and the general healthfulness and strength of her mind.

Poor Henrietta was far from deriving benefit from the vicissitudes, at the mercy of which she had thus been placed. At first, when she thought that Clifford was dead, she had, at least to her own mind, thrown off all restraint, and dared frankly consider herself as a victim to the empire of love. Most sincerely, and from the bottom of her soul, did she rejoice at the news of Clifford's safety. Yet in one respect it

occasioned a painful revulsion in her blood. He lived, the ornament of the world, the most beautiful of the works of God, the most gallant and generous of the sons of men; and that was indeed a subject for exultation. But that very circumstance brought back to her the necessity of eternal warfare against the sentiments of her heart. That for more than twenty-four hours she had avowed to herself that she was in love, that in the solitude of her chamber she had mourned for him, as a mother mourns for her only-begotten son, made a great difference to her for all her life to come. She had broken down the barrier, that had hitherto subjected the flood of her affection to the laws of propriety. She also learned from Mrs Willis, that Lord Montagu was no stranger to her weakness, and that he had been instigated by the knowledge of it, to send off his express to Portsmouth. That transgression, which we ought not to confess to our own hearts,

It is peculiarly dangerous to us if we know that it has been made a subject of attention and remark to others. Henrietta evidently drooped ; it was hardly likely she would ever be again the charming, fascinating, exhilarating creature she had been. She struggled indeed with edifying energy and fortitude ; but her struggles were attended with a disproportionate success. That one, single night, in which she had indulged uncontroled all the tenderness of her soul for the imaginary deceased, had produced a permanent effect on all her feelings ; so dangerous is the shortest intermission in matters of this sort. When she looked up too, she saw the two most venerable beings she knew on earth conscious of her frailty. They pitied her : and there is something truly seducing in this consideration. If they pitied her, why should not she be allowed to relent over herself ? Lord Montagu and Mrs Willis were unfeignedly distressed for her ; this generous

nobleman prided himself in my sister, perhaps even more than in his own daughters.

In no very long time after this incident, another revolution took place in relation to the same subject. It was about Midsummer in the year 1655, that Clifford's wealthy relation, having been left childless, declared his resolution to constitute the young man his heir. Intelligence of this sort is rapidly spread. Lord Montagu heard it, and eagerly conveyed it to Mrs Willis. They augured every thing good of it; they did not doubt of the truth of the young man's affections. They had before canvassed all the circumstances of the case; they were satisfied that his visit of introduction at Beaulieu, had been mainly prompted by the wish to obtain the conference that had occurred with Henrietta. Yet they waited with patient expectation that Clifford should declare that passion, which he had no longer any motive to suppress.

They waited not long. In a very short

time the post brought the following letter from him to Henrietta.

“ You doubtless remember, dear Henrietta, our last interview. I came on purpose to tell you, that I was resolved no longer to be contented with an obscure fortune. I had caught the sacred flame of ambition, and resolved to set out on a career, in which my better genius assured me, I should out of all doubt succeed. Why did I come to tell this story to you ? That I did not avow to myself : in truth I did not understand myself. I said, that I came to ask your sanction and your prayers. But your answer was better than my request : ah, when have you not been better than all human kind besides ? You answered, that you “ would not forget me ; ” that your “ thoughts should follow, and your enquiries be busied respecting me.” You gave me a ring ; and the motto of that ring is a

thousand times in my sight, and for ever in my mind.

“Henrietta, never was a soul more pure and innocent than yours; and I was myself as little experienced in the first disclosures of mutual affection between youth of different sexes, as you were. We both of us spoke a language that the very speaker understood not; we stammered the first uncertain accents of an eternal vow.

“Presumptuous Clifford, what are you saying? No; I have no confidence of any thing. I desire only to approach you as a stranger, and to receive the decree of lasting happiness or disappointment from your own lips. You are the sovereign mistress of you; and I am not foolish enough to advance any claim, or assert any title.

“The conclusion of this letter will hardly be worthy of the arrogant expectation excited in its beginning. You will have a right to conceive that I am come to redeem my pledge:—that I have performed glorious

achievements, that I have gained myself a name, and that wealth and honour have combined to crown the lustre of my exploits. But there is nothing of this. I am as obscure as ever, unknown to the records of fame, and never having done aught to entitle me to any man's praise. Merit to boast I have none. The end of my communication is simply this worthless thing, 'I am no longer poor. I am not one of those sons of the earth, who flutter loosely on its surface, and have no inheritance, *but their good spirits, to feed and clothe them.*'

"I dare go no further in this letter. I leave it maimed and imperfect. You perhaps will be able to piece out its defect: but, if not,—I will shortly come myself to the Forest, and lay the thoughts of my heart before you.

"LIONEL CLIFFORD."

In reading these lines, Henrietta scarcely ventured to flatter herself that she had under-

stood their contents. She took the letter to Mrs Willis.

In the commencement of this ill-fated amour, my sister had made no communication of her thoughts to her beloved protector, the former of her mind. This had been partly the result of accident. The first acquaintance between Clifford and Henrietta, had been made at a distance from the domestic roof. Add to which, love will be found to be a subject (where the mind retains its natural bent, and the temper is bashful), respecting which a certain degree of concealment will take place, between friends the most cordial. Henrietta did not immediately understand herself. The first emotions of this passion are full of trepidation and flutter. Can we expect, when the butterfly is just evolved from the chrysalis, that the fair one in whose secret chamber this work of nature is performed, will immediately seize on the just-appearing insect, and carry it to her friend, that she may

hear a lecture in the forms upon its genus and its accidents?

But Henrietta had bitterly experienced the ill consequences of wanting an adviser. In all the unsuspectingness of youth, she had given way to impulses, in which she knew there was no crime. She had given up the reins to her fancy, and indulged in all the prodigality of reverie, without once thinking it necessary to restrain its flight by cold calculations of probability, or comparing the dreams of an animated imagination with the realities of existence. Her life had nearly become the sacrifice of this mistake. Henrietta, I say, had bitterly experienced the ill consequences of wanting an adviser; and she was resolved for the future to steer her course under the direction of her faithful guide.

Mrs Willis read the letter with great delight, and easily explained to my sister those particulars, which the fervour and extacy of her lover had left in obscurity. Hen-

rietta dismissed with one deep sigh the dejection of her mind; but she was too serious, and felt too much what was due to herself, to break out into the levities of joy. Serenity only, and a calm thankfulness to Providence, took place of that silent sorrow, which had seemed to be going fast to undermine his existence.

Mrs Willis took care that it should not be long before Lord Montagu was acquainted with the contents of Clifford's letter. They both congratulated each other most fervently, upon the revolution that had occurred. They mutually owned, that nothing could have been more unexpected; and, of consequence, that nothing could till then have been more hopeless than the passion, which these lovely creatures had conceived for each other. They set no bounds to the eulogiums they pronounced of both. They were convinced that Henrietta could nowhere else have met with a husband worthy of her excellencies. They augured a thou-

sand blessings from their union, and with sighs and tears rejoiced over my sister, as a pattern of female worth restored to them from the tomb. Clifford soon followed his letter: and now the young Montagus, as they had watched with more than paternal anxiety the alarming symptoms that had appeared in Henrietta, were admitted to a knowledge of the favourable change that had taken place, and its cause. The whole circle of this excellent family were transported with joy at the good fortune that had fallen to the lot of Clifford, and received him into the midst of them as a brother.

In this narrative of the early loves of my sister and my school-fellow, I have introduced many things, which did not come to my knowledge for several years afterward, but the recital of which was necessary for the perspicuity of my tale.

CHAPTER XII.



UP to this time not a whisper had ever been heard, of the ill blood that was secretly fermenting in my breast against Clifford. It was but just before, that the insurrection of Penruddock had exploded, an occasion that blew up the embers of my school-boy detestation of this accomplished young man, into a flame. Clifford had engaged in the insurrection from the sentiment he had recently professed to Henrietta, the resolution, that he would enlist under the banners of ambition, and that he would rest no more, till he had obtained for himself honours and distinction. It was not long after the de-

feat of this gallant handful of men, that the revolution took place in the mind of Clifford's kinsman, which promised to have as favourable an operation with regard to the dearest wishes of his heart, as could have resulted from the most successful progress in the hazardous paths of ambition. The dangers perhaps that he had incurred in this insurrection, and the gallant spirit he had displayed in every thing that related to it, combined with the influence of domestic calamity, to turn towards him the heart of his wealthy relation.

The circumstance of the mutual love entertained by Clifford and Henrietta for each other, when it came to my knowledge, furnished me with a clue to many things that I had not understood before, and set others in a light very different from that in which they had appeared at the time. Why had Clifford shown himself so earnest and importunate for my favour, on the day that I met him in the affair of

Penruddock ? Why, not contented with the apology he made to me in the quarters of Sir Joseph Wagstaff, did he follow me into the street, and press me again and again to be reconciled to him ? I had never supposed that I was too indulgent in my construction of the actions and sentiments of Clifford : yet even I had in this instance given him credit for an admirable and disinterested generosity. Fool that I was ! He acted from the basest and most ignoble motives. He was eager in a show of kindness to me, only because he desired the possession of my sister. It was thus I now reasoned upon an incident, that at the time had almost the force to shake the steadiness of my hatred.

It was but a few months after the insurrection of Penruddock, that I was seized with frenzy at Oxford, that I was shut up in a receptacle for lunatics at Cowley, and that my sister visited me there. Clifford and Henrietta loved each other ; their love

was approved by those who stood most nearly in guardianship to my sister ; and, so approved, it was not doubted that it would obtain the sanction of my uncle Audley and of Clifford's protector, whenever that sanction should be demanded. But the lovers were yet very young. Their mutual suffering had been considerable when an unsurmountable bar seemed to be opposed to their union . but, when that bar was removed, when their passion had the countenance of all those persons in the midst of whom Henrietta lived, when they might correspond as they pleased, and see each other as frequently as occasion offered ; the young persons acquiesced in this situation of affairs, and yielded to the discretion of my sister's friends as to the retarding their union. Theirs was not the hot, boiling and furious passion of youth, unacquainted with the refinements of sentiment, and undisciplined in the purest principles of morality and virtue. Their at-

tachment was of the mind ; they loved each other for qualities which appeared to them worthy of the most fervent admiration. Beauty indeed came in for its share : the speaking eye, the ingenuous countenance, the features which corresponded to and fascinatingly expressed the emotions of the soul, and the gracefulness of motion and form, all served to bind and corroborate the feeling ; but these held a subordinate place only, while the root of the attachment was nourished in the soul. The flame that inspired them was bright and steady and pure ; it was of that kind of fire which promises a long duration and inflexible constancy, but which does not exhaust itself in impetuous tumult and rage. The well-constituted mind looks forward with elevated calmness to a happiness, that is viewed as in certain prospect. The person so circumstanced says, “ I am happy now, because I have in expectation the gratification of all my desires ; and I am happy

now, because I know I shall be ten thousand times happier." There is something in the nature of the human soul, that is strikingly in harmony with the office of building castles in the air : we revel and luxuriate in the envied task of painting out to our thoughts the things that shall be. It is by virtue of this principle, that the saints below wait, in edifying patience, and delighted serenity, " all the days of their appointed time, till the change come" that is to translate them from earth to heaven.

My sister visited me at Cowley. She sat by my bed-side, during a great part of the period when my disorder was at its worst, and with incredible perseverance and affection relieved my sufferings, and soothed my woes. She listened to my ravings. Sometimes I talked of Bradford and Judith and O'Neile, and the scenes of my childhood. At other times I cried out in my exclamations upon Penruddock and Clifford. This last topic peculiarly engaged

her attention ; the name of Clifford, in particular, vibrated from her ear to her inmost heart. She strained all her attention to gather the hidden meaning of my words : but my discourse was so incoherent, that it was impossible to arrange it into any certain sense. When the words no longer struck her sense, she endeavoured by meditation to penetrate into my mystery. Clifford she had seen since the insurrection ; but his whole discourse had been of the happy change that had taken place in his own fortunes, and the consequent removal, as he trusted and believed, of every rational obstacle that could be interposed to his addresses to Henrietta. Unassisted however as she found herself in developing my enigma, there was one thing of which the quickness of her feelings certainly assured her, that my tones were those of aversion.

This was painful to her, but not a cause of despair. It was distressing to find any defect of harmonious and responsive sen-

timent in the mind of one, with whom she had always lived in the most unexampled and uninterrupted accord. Poor Henrietta was far from understanding the depth of my passion. How could she? She was formed of nature's kindest mould.

Her life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in her,

that the maker of us all, when he surveyed the works of his hands, might have fixed upon her, as the pattern of whatever is perfect in woman. But I was cursed from my birth. My feelings were all tempestuous and tumultuous; never did I look upon any thing on its fairest side, or make of any thing a candid or a generous construction; hatred was the element in which I lived, and revenge was my daily bread. No, Henrietta; neither now did you anticipate, nor to the latest hour of your existence, though suffering from me more than woman

ever suffered, could you understand, my atrocious qualities, or the springs by which they acted !

But though she could in a very imperfect degree make out what I talked of, or whereto my discourse tended, my sister was not the less disturbed and distressed at the incoherent suggestions which thus escaped me. She enquired of Clifford as to what related to Penruddock and he ingenuously told her all he knew. She set on foot an earnest investigation into the circumstances that had preceded my frenzy ; and at length became acquainted with my unhappy altercation with young Lisle, and the reproaches with which he had loaded me. All this produced in her a great degree of pain and alarm ; but it did not abate her confidence.

She prepared herself for a powerful struggle against the prejudices, which had polluted and eaten into my soul. She had a perfect confidence in the justice of her

cause. She knew that Clifford was the most amiable of men. She knew that he overflowed with every generous affection, and was incapable of harbouring a malignant thought against any creature that lived. She knew that he was born to command all hearts, and subdue the love of all men to himself. Nor was she less persuaded of the equity of my nature, and my accessibility to the powers of reason. She was not unacquainted with the ascendancy she had over me. Though therefore she prepared herself diligently for the combat, and was aware of the mighty results dependent on the issue, she did not allow herself for a moment to doubt of the event.

It has been seen, with what more than human eloquence she expressed herself on the occasion. I was completely her convert; for the moment all resistance and every ruder passion was subdued within me. I considered her as preaching mere philanthropy; I regarded her as, purely

by the energies of a virtuous spirit, giving a soul to morality, more than all the philosophers of antiquity had ever been able to impart, and clothing the simplicity of abstract truth in all the radiance of sunshine, and all the tints of the rainbow. Alas ! I little knew, poor soul ! that she was pleading for her life, and that the peace and contentment of all her days and nights to come, depended on her success in the enterprise to which she had vowed herself.

This was a moment of pure joy and exultation to the divine Henrietta. She looked in my eyes, and saw that the spirit of self-existent and everlasting benignity had descended upon me. She addressed me with the soul-ravishing words, “ Ah, Charles, you are now my genuine brother. There wanted but this. You had a fault : who is exempt from error ? but it is over now. I have committed my soul on this venture. You must not deceive me in it. No, I see plainly you will not ! ”

Henrietta's soul was at this time on her lips. When she put my hand into the hand of Clifford,—at that preternatural moment when she saw us looking at each other with the aspect of brothers—the secret had almost broke from her bursting heart, “Behold my husband!” But she conquered herself. She felt that now was not the time. The affair, she judged, was well begun: but it was here, as in what they relate of the mighty menstruum that is to convert all baser metals into gold: the most unconquerable patience is necessary; the least precipitancy ruins the whole operation. Henrietta held her breath; her eyes glistened with her secret thought; her bosom heaved; but she uttered not a syllable further.

How speedily was this auspicious beginning thrown down and demolished! I saw Clifford; I hailed him; I ate with him; I heard from his lips the story of Landseer. I constrained myself to hear

that story with rigid and unaltered muscles. It was a terrible effort I had made, to conquer the savageness of my nature, and to feel all mildness and benignity and philanthropy. But the more strenuously the bow was bent, the more resistless was the recoil. It will be recollected, what strange fancies and furies at this time occupied my thoughts. I resolved that I would see Clifford no more. I ruminated ferocious ideas, that I would cause him to be kidnapped, and transported to the American plantations. To that state of mind a worse state succeeded. I said, "Clifford is my fate. Present or absent, waking or sleeping, I can never get rid of him. What matters it then, if I were to ship him for Virginia, or banish him to the regions of Japan? If I were to sharpen my dagger's point, and send him to the grave; from the grave he would haunt me, and my crime would prove utterly unavailing. Still I should see him, when I slept; still I should think of him,

while I waked ; and he would be the un-exhausted ingredient, that turned the cup of my existence into poison." It will easily be judged then, in what frame of spirit I was to receive him for a brother-in-law.

Henrietta did not see all this ; such horrible conceptions filled all my thoughts in solitude ; but I never uttered Clifford's name in her presence. What then ? she was my true sister. She entirely sympathized with me ; and by virtue of the secret and preternatural affinity between us, she read my inmost thoughts. There was no need of words to communicate to her the deepest workings of my soul. She saw that she could never be at once the bosom-ally of Mandeville and Clifford. What though I did not wound her ears with frenzied execrations, and all the deadly liturgy of my soul's hatred ? It hung for that with only the more insurmountable weight upon the neck of her mind. Had I " unpacked my

heart with curses," had I poured out the freight of my bursting bosom in all the exuberant rhetoric of vulgar abhorrence, there would have been hope. To the thus venting my passion, it were not unlikely that a comparative temperance might have succeeded. Beside, that, if I had spoken all that was in my mind, if I had given to my "worst of thoughts the worst of words," this would in some sort have operated as a dispensation to Henrietta. But the inviolable silence I observed acted like a spell; there was a sacredness in it, that she could not find it in her affectionate heart to trample upon. I stood before her as a figure over which the blast of heaven had passed; and there was something portentous in the dumb anguish that dwelt about me, that awed her very soul.

CHAPTER XIII.



SHARP and terrible were the struggles of my poor sister's mind in this unlooked-for situation. There were two persons, between whom her entire heart was divided; and one of these was an irreconcilable enemy to the other. It is the law of morality, that a woman "shall leave father and mother, and all the kindred of her birth, and cleave unto her husband" It is the nature of human feelings, that when the irresistible sentiment of love has been awakened in the youthful breast, all other considerations fade before it. It is true, we do not scruple to blame with severity those, who being

once touched with this mighty passion, think of nothing but the gratification of their own partialities, and regard all other inducements and pleas, divine and human, as unworthy of their attention. However powerful, and however subtle may be the insinuations of love, a truly virtuous person will rather die, than yield to any unhallowed indulgence; and this very sentiment will often enable them, to “set at nought the frivolous bolt of Cupid.” But had not Henrietta passed through a sufficient ordeal? Surely her trials had multiplied, to a degree to satisfy the demands of the severest morality; and she was entitled to the reward.

It was not thus however that my sister reasoned. She felt, that to part with Clifford now, was to tear away strings that had wound round her heart, and would require an effort, of which her life would very probably be the sacrifice. Yet she resolved at once, that this was the path she would

pursue. "Mandeville is sick ; and we are well," she said. "He is a banished and a blasted man. He has no friend but me ; I am his only tie to mortal life ; and never will I teach his tongue to curse me. Alienated from the rest of the world, he leans on me with unsuspecting confidence ; shall I then be the person to inflict upon him a wound, more agonizing than even in all the exacerbations of frenzy he ever imaged to himself ? I shall perhaps be the sacrifice. What then ? Is there any end for which I wish to live, but to promote the gratifications of those I love ? Can I be so sordid, as to count myself for any thing in this desperate struggle ? If evil be the portion of him to whom I am most ardently attached, while I am myself unhappy, I shall not feel the bitter sting of reproach ; but is it possible that I should think of obtaining peace and felicity for myself, by an act that shall plant mortal anguish in the breast of my nearest and most valued relative ?"

Such were the virtuous determinations of Henrietta ; but the agony of her soul while she formed them was excessive. It is sufficiently apparent, by the irresistible appeal she made to my feelings at first, that no one understood better than she did the true merits of the case. “ How unreasonable are these prejudices of my brother ! how inhuman the obstinacy with which he persists in them ! and we are to be made the sacrifices of his error ! It is thus for ever in this world, that vice triumphs over virtue, and imbecility over strength. Because we are right, therefore we must submit ; because we are strong, therefore we must crouch, suffer all our just expectations to be disappointed, and our happiness to be blasted for ever. This is exactly the morality that is taught us when children, that the wise must yield to the foolish, and the sober to the tumultuous and ungovernable ; and the same morality is still imposed upon us in our ripest years. What

a triple knot of unrivalled happiness might be knit between me and my brother and Clifford? I see it all. They are all I ever loved in the world; and truly, most truly, do they merit the distinction. I might sit between them, blessed and cherished by each, fervently attached to both, and forming the indissoluble tie by which they were bound for ever to each other. All this is within our reach; every day would be peace; every day would be happiness; for every day would be uninterrupted love. Brother, brother, cannot you see this? Is there no power in the speech of man, that can make you understand it? That which I feel so intimately, and of which I am so infallibly convinced, can I by no means convey to your heart? I could tear out my tongue, that it is so powerless to communicate my sentiments. Will these scales never, never, fall from your eyes? Oh, how has the framer of this our human nature constituted us, that we have all hap-

piness and joy within our reach, and that we are thus our own only enemies, and reject it, because we will reject it!"

At times Henrietta was worked up almost to frenzy at the thought of her destiny. She was like a captive bird, that has not yet lost the passion of its woods and its skies, the birthright that nature assigned it, and beats itself to pieces against its wires, and scatters all its most beautiful plumage at the bottom of its cage. At times she raved against me, and loaded me in her mind with every opprobrious epithet. In the tumult and tempest of her spirit, the affection of a sister was wrecked and almost dashed to pieces. She asked, Why, from infirmity merely, from obstinacy, from vice, I stood in the way of a scene of future happiness, which she imaged to herself as distinctly, as the external landscape is repeated by the mechanism of a *camera obscura*? She sometimes thought she could be contented to see me dead. "I could

have followed my brother's funeral, though I cannot consent to be the cause of his living anguish. Of what use is his life? He is an abortion merely, and appertains in no way to the scene of the living world. He never will be any thing but miserable; and his existence answers no purpose but that of intercepting the happiness of others." At times she felt as if she hated me.

But all Henrietta's agonies did not even move, or in the smallest degree disturb, her virtuous resolutions. The thought that now occurred to her, was truly characteristic of the loveliness of her nature. "Mandeville!" it was thus she discussed the question in the secret chambers of her own heart, "you are my greatest enemy. It is your frowardness, the unheard-of wilfulness and blindness of your character, that robs me of a prize, the most inestimable that can be drawn in the many-ticketed lottery of life. Oh, God, Oh, God, that there should be no remedy for this! Henceforth, all the

days of my existence are devoted to a twilight, more chilling and desolate than that of a Russian winter. It might have been otherwise. But my purpose is conceived ; my resolution is taken. Most remorseless of brothers !

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !

Dove-feathered raven ! wolfish, ravening lamb !

since I cannot escape you, since I have no hope to move you, I will fly from your envenomed hostility—into your arms ! You are my only destroyer ! therefore I will love none but you ! That shall be my revenge : so will I satiate all the just and deep resentment, with which your unkindness has filled me. You have struck a barbed arrow into my very heart, the smart and the anguish of which can never be asswaged. Therefore all my days and nights shall be devoted to the increase of your comforts. I will talk to you all day, and smooth your pillow by night. I will hide all my

sorrows, and the bitterness of my disappointment, in the recesses of my own bosom. Never shall you have reason to guess at the true state of my feelings. No accent of mine shall ever betray it; not one disobedient muscle shall express the sufferings I underpass. It may be, that I am most worthy of pity, and have most need of consolation. But it shall not seem so. I will always have a cheerful word to soothe you; not a thorn that untoward fortune has planted in your pillow, but I will pluck it out; I will weep for your sorrows, when my heart is bursting with my own; I will invent for you a thousand tales of amusement, a thousand schemes to give variety and zest to the tedious day, while my frame is fast wasting to the grave. This is the conduct my heart prescribes, and my reason approves. I shall thus best secure my own approbation; I shall thus best insure something for my mind to dwell on with unwearied complacency. Naturally en-

tangled as I have been, disappointed as I must be, I should no longer be of use to any, a mere incumbrance on the face of the earth. But thus I will defeat my cruel fate: and every day that I mitigate in any way the sorrows of a brother whom I love as my own soul, I will not think that I have lived that day in vain."

There was something in the greatness, the very extravagance of this sacrifice, that Henrietta felt as particularly consolatory. I had taken upon myself a sort of Hannibal-vow for the extinction of Clifford: I had sworn, upon the altar of my revenge, immortal hostility to him whom I regarded as the author of all my woes. Had I not gone mad for Clifford? Was not this the man, for whose sake I had been exposed to whips and chains, a dark chamber and ignominious cords? Had he not by his machinations reduced me to the condition of a beast? And would I ever forget this? Henrietta's determination therefore, that she would live

with me, and employ all her thoughts for the service of her torturer, was a martyrdom, beyond any thing that we read of in the history of monastic vows, beyond the rules of the Carthusian order, or the discipline of La Trappe. It was as if the mother of the Scipios should have consecrated herself, to the nourishment and anxious preservation of the springal Hannibal. Could we suppose Cornelia* reduced to that situation, the daily reward of her pains would have been, to have heard the stripling's copious and diversified execrations of her beloved country. Every species of bigot abuse and re- crimination against Rome, was no doubt familiar to his unbearded lip. Even in his dreams he repeated the fatal and portentous vow. His waking study, was to procure intelligence, the more to whet his enmity

* There is a mistake here. Cornelia was the name of the females born of the Scipio family; that of the mother of Scipio Africanus is unknown.

against Rome, or to discover her vulnerable part, and how she might most effectually be destroyed. What a situation are we imagining for the mother of the Scipios! In one respect the condition which Henrietta chose for herself was more bitter than this. I indulged my feelings indeed in no execrations against Clifford. Never, but when I had secured myself in the double night of impenetrable solitude, did I so much as pronounce his name. But there was something more fearful and heart-quelling in this silence, than in the most open and loquacious hostility. Henrietta could never look upon me, without having reason to say, "What murderous thoughts against Clifford may at this moment be engendering in his bosom!" She must have perpetually the impulse, to cover him with her mantle, or to throw her body between, to intercept the blows of the brain-created dagger, or the blood-dripping poniard, which in imagination I drew against him. A blessed life was

this she chose for herself ; to sit perpetually by the side of, and study all manner of kindly offices for, him in whose bosom rage and fierceness and inextinguishable animosity kept their revels and tumultuous sabbath against the youth she loved above the price of worlds !

These were the thoughts and purposes conceived by Henrietta, as soon as she understood the full extent and incurable nature of my animosity to Clifford. But from these thoughts and purposes she was afterwards turned aside. Never was a gentle and a tender nature so obstinately beset. Not by Clifford : he did not fall short of her, in the generosity of his temper and sentiments. This pair of perfect lovers would, I verily believe, if left to their own direction, have immolated themselves, willing victims, upon the altar of my prejudices. Clifford could not bear, any better than Henrietta, that his happiness should be built upon another's misery. The thought

of the state that he had reduced me to, would have had the effect of causing his happiness to cease to be happiness. This lovely pair would have rested satisfied in eternal self-denial, and would have supported themselves with a consciousness of the integrity of the principle, in submission to which they should have formed the vow of immortal celibacy. They would have resolved to have seen each other no more, and have been contented exclusively to have cherished each other's image, comforted moreover with the unshaken faith that in this occupation their sympathy was complete. This, I have great reason to apprehend, would have been their destiny for the remainder of their lives.

They met once, to confirm each other in these sentiments, to pour out all the agitation of their spirits, and to meet no more. Despair was in the hearts of both. The interview was a long one. As their determination was fixed, and apparently irrevocable,

they were in no hurry to part, and they thought it no crime to indulge in a full effusion of soul. So one might imagine the youthful tenant of a cloister to take his last leave of the world, and to enjoy the closing ball and closing dance with unrestrained intoxication, a few hours before the gates of his convent are to shut upon him for ever. So one might conceive Eloisa and Abelard to have drawn out the eloquence of their last adieus, if Eloisa and Abelard had not fallen the inglorious victims of human frailty. My sister and her lover in this interview repeated the same things again and again, and took no note of the censurable iterations and tautologies of which they were mutually guilty.

Thus in all probability would have ended this fervent and unrivalled attachment; but their friends would not allow of it. Lord Montagu, and Mrs Willis, and the rest, seemed in this respect to feel more for them, than the young people felt for them.

selves. They expatiated upon the unreasonableness of two persons, so formed for happiness, being made the sacrifice of one in such a state of disease as I was. Nothing could be more senseless and unjustifiable, than the state of passion to which I had surrendered myself. I must be miserable : no human contrivance or exertion, as long as I persisted in my present feelings, could save me from that. I was necessarily an abortion. They sympathised with me, they pitied me from their souls. But no justice could require, and no justice permit, that Clifford and Henrietta, framed to be the ornaments of the world, the boast of the present age, and the wonder of posterity, beings, the occupation of every day of whose existence would be, to be happy, and to make happy, should be consigned to perpetual disappointment, for the sake of one who could never become useful to society, and whose existence would be a burden to his fellow-creatures. I must

therefore be considered as a person under the dominion of deplorable malady, to be treated with the most exemplary tenderness, while my prejudices and my groundless fancies were on no account to be permitted to become a law, to the sane and effective members of the community of mankind.

Henrietta had conceived the plan of living with me, and devoting all her great powers and wonderful qualities to the task of asswaging my sorrows. But her friends undertook to prove to her, that that was impossible. It was, they said, the result of all experience, that a human being in my state of disease, was best regulated; and most advantageously watched over, by strangers, persons who with calm and unaltered temper, and from a sense of the duties of their occupation merely, did whatever was necessary. Where the ideas and the passions of a man were in a state of vehement disorder, the presence of such as he was accustomed to regard the most affectionately,

only served as a signal to bring on the most frightful and injurious excesses. Beside, that the friends of Henrietta could not endure that her splendid qualities should be confined to the occupations of a nurse. It was a high strain of generosity in her to have conceived such a thought ; but it would not be the less censurable and immoral to carry it in execution. Had she properly figured to herself what it was, to immure herself in a dark chamber, to have at all times nothing but painful sensations, to see but one object, and that object a person whom unfortunate circumstances had deprived of the better part of man ? No ; this was not the office and the destiny of a healthful human creature, least of all, of such a creature as Henrietta. The blood of Mandeville was not for ever to be disgraced, by exhibiting only a succession of hypochondriacal and melancholy solitaires. Formed as she was to grace the society of which she was a member, she must present

herself in the lovely relations of a wife and a mother; my sister must show herself at the head of a numerous and honourable establishment, and be seen the protector and benefactor of all the tenants and dependents of a prosperous and illustrious husband.

Thus was the poor Henrietta beset with the advices of persons in the highest degree anxious for her honour and happiness. And it will easily be believed that she had a traitor within the fort, that inforced all their arguments, and was at all times ready to deliver up the garrison of her heart to the irresistible assailant. Still she held out with invincible obstinacy. Never were struggles more vehement and fierce than those she endured. "Talk not to me," she said, "of making others happy, of being a wife and a mother, of presiding over a numerous establishment, and affording a splendid example to all within the reach of my influence! The first duty of a human being is to do no harm. I will begin with inno-

cence. Then, when I have taken care, that no creature shall shed a tear through any act of mine, that no one shall put on mourning on my account, that I will never do aught that shall occasion to any one a sinking or a paroxysm of the heart, then I will begin to be actively virtuous. You advise me to make a conspicuous and a dazzling figure in society. And, as the preliminary of this, I am to be the destroyer of my brother. Yes, I shall make a dazzling figure indeed, when first, covered with the magnificence of my robes, I have planted the sting of guilt within my bosom. I shall have spirits to discharge the duties of an honourable matron, when the worm of remorse is for ever preying on my vitals, and I shall always have before my eyes the intolerable accusation, Here is the wretched woman that ascended to the bridal couch over the murdered body of Mandeville ! No : give me innocence, a clear conscience, and a light heart ; let me take care to feel

that within, which shall enable me to look serenely on all around, secure that I shall find nothing any where; to call up a blush upon my cheek, and to fill my soul with alarm, secret misgivings, and fearful confusion ! I had rather be a milkmaid on these terms, than queen of the universe with an equivocal character, and a doubtful apprehension of the effects of my own doings."

CHAPTER XIV.



LORD MONTAGU had from the first been extremely dissatisfied with the appointment of Holloway, as executor to my uncle's will, and guardian to me and my sister. This worthy limb of the law had practised his delusions successfully on Audley Mandeville, for Audley Mandeville was totally without knowledge of the world, or communication with his fellow-creatures. He had deceived the ladies at the Cottage, for they were of an ingenuous and confiding character, and whatever was told them with gravity and smoothness, whatever story was conveyed to them, that was constructed

with art, and varnished over with unabashed speciousness and fluency, would perhaps at all times have produced in them conviction. Holloway was too fat and too smug to look, in their eyes, like a knave ; and the silver-tongued and even-tempered Mallison they could hardly have prevailed on themselves to distrust. In a word, neither Mrs Willis nor Henrietta, though both of them gifted with a sound understanding and an exquisite taste, were formed to detect the wiles of the crafty, and to drive knavery and imposture out of the world. They had indeed, particularly Mrs Willis, their strong predilections in behalf of certain maxims and establishments in church and state. It would have been somewhat difficult to have inspired Mrs Willis with a cordial sentiment, for an Oliverian, or a republican. But whatever did not strike at these foundations, was sure to be regarded by her, with a temper prone to favourable interpretation.

But Lord Montagu was a person of a

different character. He had a manly understanding, and never allowed himself, either to put the change upon his own judgment, or to permit other men to do so. He had less poetry in his constitution than the ladies at the Cottage, and more logic. He had in his disposition, a good deal of the intellectual anatomist. He guided his dissecting knife with an unfaltering hand: and, though he might be said to be essentially a man of a soft heart, and who abhorred the thought of inflicting unnecessary pain, yet he never permitted any misgivings of temper, to divert him from the course of a strict and unalterable justice. Among the diversified sects and forms of enthusiasm, that so peculiarly distinguished the period of the civil wars, he had accustomed himself to put aside the draperies of external appearance, and acutely to discern the man as he was. This was not a sort of party, with whom it could be agreeable to Mr Holloway to have any concern.

Lord Montagu had become acquainted with the expedients, by which my guardian had first broken ground in the confidence of Audley Mandeville. He looked with no friendly eye upon the style in which he had placed himself under the same roof with me, and gained in a manner possession of my person. Roused by these hints, this venerable nobleman extended his enquiries farther. Holloway came out to be a man of nothing, who had never had any character, or any respectable practice. In one instance formerly, he had gained the ear of a man of property, as he had gained that of my uncle, and having been made the guardian of his infant heir, had found means to divert the whole estate to his own use. The case had been attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity; the heir, born to the possession of a considerable domain, disappeared in a mysterious way, when a child, and was reported to be dead; the civil wars, which were just then breaking out,

called off men's observation from an affair which no one felt to be his own, and for years the crime was successful; after a considerable interval the youth was found, under another name, and in the character of a simple hind, engaged in following the plough; and a series of incidents, that seemed almost miraculous, led to the full establishment of his claim. Holloway was condemned to refund every shilling of the estate, and was covered with the blackest dishonour. This was a tale sufficiently secure from the discovery either of myself, or the ladies at the Cottage; but the intelligence and perseverance of Lord Montagu traced it to its minutest particulars. He resolved, that such a man as this should not remain in the administration of any thing that appertained to myself or my sister.

These things took a considerable time in ripening, and nearly two years elapsed, between the period of my uncle's death in

1656, and the ultimate measures to which the course of my narrative now leads me. This interval was in a great degree occupied in arguments and inducements presented to Henrietta, as to the determination she ought finally to adopt in the choice of life.

In one instance during this period, Henrietta paid me a visit. It was shortly after my fall from my horse, and the breaking my leg. Her visit lasted only for a few hours. Very far was I from suspecting the infinite artifices and contrivances, with which my guardian had prepared and conducted this visit. It was attended with a slender degree of satisfaction either to Henrietta or myself, and was in that respect inexpressibly unlike all our preceding interviews, from the days of childhood up to that very moment. Henrietta found me very different from all that she ever saw me before. She was bid to observe certain symptoms in me ; and her terrified imagination and palpitating heart made her see, or

think she saw, every thing that had been previously announced to her. On my part I discovered in my sister only the shadow and empty semblance of what she had been. We were both of us merely puppets, in the hands of the great conductor of the exhibition.

Previously to the final adjustment of the project that Lord Montagu had formed relative to my sister's destination, the young Montagus came over to pay me the visit which has been described in an earlier part of this volume. This step was taken with the concurrence, though not upon the suggestion of Henrietta. She entertained the most perfect confidence in both of them. It demanded all the steady nerves of Ralph, and all the quick and ever-wakeful sensibility of Edward, to produce such a report respecting me, as should be admitted for conclusive by her in so momentous a crisis. She earnestly recommended to them to use their best diligence, in a question that sank

so deep into her heart. She adjured them, not to be swayed by any previous impressions, but to try it with all the impartiality, that would be due from jurors sitting upon an issue of life and death. She protested again and again, how much better she should be satisfied with a decision that restored to her her beloved brother, though it should cut her off from Clifford for ever.

The history of the interview between the young Montagus and me, has been detailed. They were terribly satisfied of every thing that had previously been related to them respecting me. They saw me in an access of frenzy, such as perhaps they might have read of in books ; but human imagination is a tardy and lethargic faculty, in comparison with the impression produced upon us, by what is exhibited before our eyes ; and the terribleness and violence of the scene they carried away in their recollections, infinitely exceeded any thing their fancy could have suggested to them. They

made their report accordingly. The arguments of Lord Montagu were in the strongest degree inforced, by the representations founded on ocular evidence, that were now made by his sons.

The next step was a legal proceeding commenced in the court of chancery, for appointing a different person, or in the technical language a different "committee," for the two functions of "tutor of the person, and curator to the estate," in behalf of myself and of my sister. Lord Montagu was the petitioner in this cause, under the denomination of *prochain ami*. The question was brought on before the Lord Whitelocke, first commissioner of the great seal to Richard Cromwel, lord protector. Abundant evidence was collected of the unworthiness and profligacy of Holloway, and the record was appealed to, of the conviction that had passed upon him of fraud in the case of his former guardianship.

Meanwhile a course of this sort required, that due notice should be served upon the party, against whom the suit was instituted, and whom it was the purpose of the proceeding to overwhelm with dishonour. Holloway received this notice with a heart bursting with conflicting emotions. He saw at once that the tendency of what was on foot, was to disappoint him in every project, which he had so long meditated, and so carefully prepared. He could not believe the evidence of his senses. He had chosen his party, and given up every thing for gain. He had made it his signal and his device on all occasions, that every thing was lawful for him, which led to that as an end. He had studied, days and nights, how his purposes might best be achieved. He had betrayed himself by no precipitancy ; but had gone on patiently, and step by step, as so important a business required. He had insulted nobody ; he had been harsh and

abrupt with no one ; but had turned a face of smoothness, and suppleness, and the most submissive accommodation, to all. How then had he deserved this ? How could he have expected to be undermined and blown up, in the manner with which he was now threatened ?

Where, the poor solicitor anxiously asked himself, might all this end ? He had stood in the most enviable situation, and with the richest and most unrivalled prospects. He had had in his hands a minor of immense wealth, and whom he had not doubted, with a little of his management, to keep a minor all the days of his life. He had had a reasonable expectation of gaining possession of my sister by marriage, and would then have engrossed the entire direction of every thing that in any way belonged to us. He would have been Mandeville, as far as the property was concerned ; and his nephew would have been Mandeville in rank and in name. An ex-

tinguisher would be put over the genuine family for ever. Thus it was that Holloway calculated his profits.

It was in this stage of the business, that Mallison for once resolved to take a step of his own. Many had been the conversations that had passed between him and his uncle, respecting the favourite project of advancing his family, by means of this hopeful young gentleman obtaining the hand of my sister. Mallison, always sufficiently conceited of his own gifts and graces, had never thought altogether so highly of himself, as since this proposition had been started. Of the trophies which mortals pursue, the most fascinating to a young man's eye, is to appropriate to himself a female, whose charms and whose beauty all are forward to confess. Mallison was really susceptible, however improbable it may sound, of a certain kind of admiration of Henrietta. Indeed he did not analyse the different sources of the im-

pression made upon his too tender heart ; beauty, grace, rank and fortune, all besieged him at once, all seemed to court his acceptance, and produced a united and overwhelming sentiment.

The thought that at this time occurred to him was, that it would be no injudicious project, to seek an interview with Clifford, and argue the case with him: He knew, that at Winchester Clifford had been king of the school, and that it would have been ridiculous in such a one as Mallison to dream of coping with him. But he had now looked a little into the world ; and he saw that it was quite a different scene, from that which was perpetually passing within the cloisters of William of Wykeham. He saw that many a man, who at school had been set down incontestibly for a dunce, acquitted himself afterwards with great approbation. At school all was nature ; in the world, at least in his world, all was art. Every man learned his part, and

repeated it, as volubly and composedly as if it had been his catechism. At school hardly any thing was serious, and ceremony and forbearance were almost completely banished; the whole was constructed, like the ancient Greek drama, with a chorus that made an integral part of the piece, and the moral sentiments of approbation or contempt that were expressed in the ode, determined irresistibly upon the reputation of the characters. But, in the busy scenes of the world, every thing was conducted with suitable gravity; every man, engaged in any part of importance, knew what was before him, and what he had to do; and the most considerable matters were acted, either with closed doors, or with an audience drilled to the enervating and death-dealing laws of decorum. On this stage therefore, the presumptuous Malison did not doubt to make good his part with Clifford. Beside, that he was perfectly convinced he had all the reason of the

case on his side. He sought Clifford, and he easily found him.

“ Mr Clifford,” said he, “ you and I are rivals. We are both of us in love with the sister of Mandeville.”

Clifford smiled.

“ I know that in some things you have the advantage over me. You are patronised and recommended by the family of Montagu. You have the advantage of keeping company with the young lady oftener than I can.”

Clifford protested that he would make no unfair use of his opportunities. “ Mallison,” said he, “ you are a young man of more spirit and enterprise than I took you for. I promise you, I will insinuate nothing to your disadvantage ; I will not say a word about you, that you would yourself wish unsaid. We will start fair ; and whichever of us shall win the maiden’s good will, shall wear her.”

Mallison stared ; and in his own sordid

and dishonest soul could scarcely credit so frank a profession.

“ Well, sir, but that was not what I meant to talk about. You have heard, I suppose, that the young lady has thirty thousand pounds. But perhaps you do not know that that depends upon her marrying with my uncle’s, her guardian’s, consent. Now, that she will never have, except it is to marry me. My uncle is a firm and resolute man, too wise to be moved by a young lady’s weaknesses, or a young lady’s requests. I thought it but the part of an old school-fellow to inform you of that. I should not like you to deceive yourself. You used to tell us at Winchester, how much you despised money ; but you know better than that now. I do not think that you would knowingly be taken in to marry without a fortune. Now, as your wife, she will never have a farthing—not one farthing !”

Clifford thanked Mallison for his adver-

tisement. He assured him that he took it kindly of him.

“ It is true,” resumed Mallison, “ that Lord Montagu has formed a plan to deprive my uncle of the guardianship. But, Lord ! they do not know my uncle. They might as soon think of turning the Thames. He has the law at his fingers’ ends, with all its quirks and its cranks, and its ins and outs ; and, if you could raise old William Noy from the dead, I am sure he would acknowledge that Coke Holloway was a cut above him.”

“ I will remember what you say,” answered Clifford. “ You may rely upon my giving it every proper attention.”

Mallison still hesitated. He was not sure that he had produced all the effect he wished.

“ Mr Clifford,” said he, “ you and I were old rivals at school. There you carried every thing. You had Dr Pottinger and all the masters in your favour ; and at La-

tin, and Greek, and themes, and verses, I must own I cannot pretend to cope with you. But the world is a different scene. You would hardly think it, but I doubt whether you would ever make so good an attorney as me. And, with my uncle to back me, I tell you once again, that all the world cannot stand before us. You may believe me or not, as you please ; but, remember, I come to you for your good, and that you may not go on blindly, in the dark. I have now told you how the case stands ; and I advise you, as a friend, to give up the thing at once, with a grace."

There was no affectation in Clifford's behaviour on this occasion. There was a genuine modesty and simplicity in Clifford, that he did not feel he had a right to elbow aside, or trample upon, any human creature. In some sense indeed he was aware, that he could have crushed this poor wretch in a moment, as one would crush a spider. But he had compassion on the spider, and suffered

it to crawl to its hole. No one saw more distinctly the difference between honour and fraud, an elevated character and a presumptuous one; and no one had in a greater degree words and phrases at will, to do justice to his conceptions. He could have painted Holloway, and he could have painted Mallison himself, in such colours, as would have made the unfledged lawyer writhe in convulsions, and sink with confusion. But he checked the impulse, and refused the office. He dismissed him, as the lion dismissed the mouse in the apologue of Æsop.

CHAPTER XV.



SUCH had been the proceeding adopted by the hopeful Mallison. But Holloway's politics were of a deeper reach, and suggested by a much more subtle and persevering train of thought. He had gone on for some time representing me as insane, and suggesting that the wisest plan would be, to leave me, as such, under his control. He now saw that a different line of conduct was required of him. To make the most of the great advantage he enjoyed in the possession of my person, it was necessary that he should vest me in a certain degree in the robes of authority, and engage me to represent a part in the drama before him.

I had listened, as I have said, with obstinate incredulity, to the story of Mallison, and the vile insinuation that, during a dinner at Lord Montagu's, he had observed conscious glances, and the various indications by which the secret understanding of lovers manifests itself, between Clifford and Henrietta. I felt that every thing worth living for depended, as to me, upon the loyalty of my faith in this respect. I spurned the accusation from me with unbounded contempt. With a disdain that reached to the heart even of the case-hardened Mallison, I insisted that he should mention the subject no more. And, when he endeavoured to stammer out something further in support of his assertion, I overwhelmed him with a torrent of execrations and invective, that effectually closed up his lips, and drove him from my presence with terror. I was like a man walking on the top of the parapet of the highest building human hands ever raised, who knows that,

if he allows himself to doubt of his safety, he will instantly lose the firmness of his footing, topple into the depth below, and be dashed into a thousand pieces.

Holloway was much more a master of his fence than Mallison, and perhaps he derived some instruction and warning from the scene I allude to. He did not once mention to me the names of the lovers. He only told of Lord Montagu's proceeding, and laid before me the notice he had received. This notice purported to call upon Holloway to show cause, why he should not be deprived of the guardianship, in both its relations, of the nephew and niece of the late Audley Mandeville. The paper said nothing of his unfaithful discharge of his trust in a former guardianship, or of any other imputation upon his professional character; and Holloway was of course sufficiently to be depended on for not furnishing me with any ground of disparagement against himself.

Having thus submitted the question to my consideration, the solicitor put on his most insinuating forms of address. He appealed to me, whether he had done any thing to deserve this refinement of cruelty, this deadly attack upon every thing that could be dear to a human being. He had given up every other engagement he had in the world, and had devoted his time, his industry, and his talents, entirely to my service. He trusted, I would stand by him, and not see him thus undeservedly trampled upon and destroyed. It was in my power to do every thing for him in this momentous crisis. If a question was excited, who was the properest person to be my guardian, I was at an age when I had a right to a voice on the subject; and if I were disposed to exert myself in his behalf, he would take care that voice should be heard. He added, that he was far from valuing the stewardship of the Mandeville estate: he acknowledged, that that would be at-

tended with advantages, to which the person who faithfully discharged the duties that belonged to it, would be fairly entitled: but he solemnly averred, that he would give up that without a murmur, if he could be dismissed to the humble and comfortable situation he had left for it, unpursued by the malignant aspersions that some secret enemy was conjuring up against him.

I listened to this detail in a very different spirit from that in which it was exhibited before me. My pride, of which I had a very ample portion, was vehemently offended, that such a proceeding should be commenced, without the smallest communication with me on the subject. I determined to resist to the utmost of my power an interference on the part of any human creature, in a question that concerned me more than any one. The more I reflected on the affair, the more I was bewildered. Did they mean to treat me like a lunatic? If they did, for whose benefit was this to be

done? I had been guilty of no extravagance; I had squandered no part of my property, either in possession, or in reversion; I had shown none of those dispositions, in consideration of which persons in any part of the world are treated as unfit to be trusted with their own affairs. There must be some deep meaning in this, very different from any that I had yet penetrated.

While I endeavoured by dint of persevering reflection, and turning the subject on all sides, to pluck out the heart of this mystery, the recollection occurred to me of that tale of Mallison, which I had originally thrown from me with such utter disdain. The affair of the guardianship, gave a sort of probability to what had at first seemed to me of all things most impossible. I named it to Holloway.

“My dear sir,” said the solicitor, “it is the object nearest my heart, not to put you to pain. There are certain subjects that must not be mentioned to you: there are

certain names that must not be articulated in your presence."

"Speak! speak!" I replied, with uncontrollable earnestness and emotion. "I must know all. This is no time for precaution, and half-measures, and temporising."

Holloway told me a story, so full of particulars, so entirely of a piece, so consistent, that I no longer allowed myself to doubt. He had taken much pains to obtain information; and he invented some things, so conformable to what was certain and irresistible, as to make all together a tale of terrible demonstration. I begged him to leave me; and he felt that he had done enough, to lay a complete foundation for what he intended should follow.

Oh, God, oh, God, what a being was I, and for what a fate was I reserved! I had pitied myself; I had held myself unfortunate! I never had been unfortunate, never worthy of pity, till now.

I was all made up of passions. My na-

ture was composed of every thing turbulent, that is incident to man. But love, love, was paramount to all the rest. Love was like the God of the tempestuous ocean, that controled, and directed, and turned, like yielding gossamer in his hands, every wind that blew. I had never loved but one thing, and that was Henrietta. I found, or fancied in her, every perfection. She was my teraphim,* my idol; and before her semblance I prostrated myself every day in worship. She was my faith, the all I believed in with undoubting confidence. She was the whole world to me; and nature without her was one blank, one universal desert. She was the sun that illuminated all; and, when that sun was once extinguished in the heavens, I wandered for ever in darkness, and on the edge of precipices, where every step threatened to shiver me to atoms, or sink me in a fathomless abyss. Henrietta was a charm,

* Genesis, xxxi, 19.

that I hung about my neck, and wore next to my heart, blessed with a thousand prayers; and fierce and gloomy and dismal as was my nature, I had only to think of her, and I became "patient as the female dove, when that her golden couplets are disclosed," and as cheerful, as sea and sky and air, when the halcyon sits brooding on her nest.

But human nature is full of inconsistencies. Though Henrietta on some occasions was to me like a God, that I worshipped at an awful distance, and that I communicated with, with the consciousness how infinitely she was my superior; yet at other times I demanded from her a complete sympathy, and a sentiment in all respects responsive to mine. It was my delight to believe, that she loved as I loved, that she would sacrifice herself as I would, that for all the world she would not be persuaded to an act that would give me pain, and that she was the sister of my soul. It was this human

union, that filled up and completed the sentiment, and that made it, if I may be allowed to say so, beyond all the religions, that the most fervent enthusiast, in the depth of his impenetrable solitudes, ever dreamed of.

Henrietta was the rock against which I leaned, and was secure. Though the earth quaked around me, though "the sea saw it and fled," though the mountains were shaken, and the hills "reeled to and fro like a drunken man," here I reposed my confidence, and was inaccessible to fear. I was like that hero of antiquity, of whom it is related, that his whole body, all but one indivisible point, was incapable of a wound. I was like the Capitol of ancient Rome, well fortified and defended by art and discipline, on every other side except one, for which nature seemed to have done enough, and where no assault was to be apprehended. Not that I was invulnerable in other points, as has sufficiently been seen: but that wounds elsewhere were not mortal,

and might be healed; the blood retreated to the heart, and it was well; but a blow here must inevitably lay me prostrate on the earth at once. This was my stay amidst all my calamities; “Henrietta can never be my enemy.”

Mandeville was born to be deceived. What signifies faith? Of what avail is confidence? Oh, that I had believed nothing, that I had expected nothing, that I had relied on nothing! I should then have sunk at once; I should have felt that I was unequal to the toil of life; all hope and uneasiness and struggle would have long been over with me; I should have laid down my head in the grave, and been a rest. It is this fond reserve, that I for ever made, amidst sorrows inexpressible, and that otherwise could never be endured which sustained me through all, and has made me a monument upon which every evil has been heaped that the heart of man can think.

I know that fiction is a very ingenious thing ; but I defy fiction in all its luxuriance to equal that, which I cannot yet tell that I can hold my pen to relate. I was wounded in every point where my soul most lived along the nerve ; in religion, in frustrated ambition, in the hatred of disgrace which pervaded my every muscle, and most of all in love. Never did man receive so religious an education as I did, sanctified by the tall and solemn figure of my instructor, his colourless cheek, his inflexible muscles, his face, every feature of which spoke consecration and martyrdom. Solomon says, “ The words of the wise are as nails, fastened by the master of assemblies.” Every one of these nails, in my case, was driven to the head, and clenched again on the other side, by means of the impenetrable solitude and wild desolation, amidst which all my early years were passed. This might have seemed precept and speculation only : but in the margin of every

precept were painted the scenes of Kinnard, the murder of my father and mother and the whole assembly of those among whom they lived, and all the unspeakable horrors of the Irish massacre. The thing that my gorge most rose against with intolerable heavings, was a Papist; unless indeed in those rare and almost unheard of instances, where Popery was reinforced, and rendered more horrible and inhuman to look at, by apostacy.

Methinks I hated Clifford enough, before he turned Papist. I had no sooner quitted the desolation of Mandeville House, and been entered a member of the congregation of the living at Winchester School, than I saw him. He crossed me at every turn, and darkened me in all my lights. Whether I desired to be distinguished by master or scholar, it was impossible; for there stood Clifford. Wherever I placed myself, he was right before me, and I could not be seen. That he did this without the

smallest tincture of malice, aggravated my grievance. If he had borne his honours insolently, that would have been a consolation to me. Every thing he did, I felt as a personal insult; and what most of all stained the point with a deadly venom, was the composure, the frankness, the innocence, nay, the air of benevolence, and all-beaming kindness and affection, with which every thing was done.

Would to God, when I quitted Winchester, I had lost sight of Clifford for ever! But it was not so. He was born to thwart my ambition; and ambition perhaps never burned more fervently in any human breast than in mine. The evil did not stop here. He not only kept me down in all my hopes to rise; in addition to this he overwhelmed me with disgrace. No; I felt that I was not born to the inheritance of disgrace. Never was a creature more innocent, more honourable, more plain and direct in all he did, more a stranger to

the crooked dealings of a corrupt world. How therefore did I bear disgrace? It made me mad! I have said it repeatedly; I must say it once more; it was Clifford, that reduced me to the state of a beast, that added weight to all the chains I endured, and a rowel to every lash I received from my inhuman keepers.

Well; Clifford had done all this for me. He had arrested me in my first step on the theatre of life. Perhaps the ruling passion of my soul was ambition, a generous desire to obtain the good opinion, the suffrage, the admiration of my fellow-creatures. He had put a violent close upon that. He had thrown me down the ladder, just as I was stepping on the stage, and laid me prostrate, maimed, and unable to help myself, on the earth. It may be, I could have borne that. Let me then be obscure; but let me not be dishonoured! He had followed me with disgrace, accumulated disgrace. I was accounted for a

spy and a traitor. Like Jupiter in the war of the giants, he was not contented to sink me to the lowest depth ; but, to keep me there, as the king of the Gods treated Typhoeus, he cast the whole weight of the island of Sicily upon me, Pelorus on my right arm, Pachynus on my left, and Lilybæum on my feet. He made me mad !

One thing only occurred to console me under these accumulated sufferings. Clifford turned Papist. Now it came to my turn to triumph. God had smitten him with his thunder. God had made him “an astonishment, and a hissing, and a perpetual desolation, to the nations round about.” His star was set, and mine was risen. I might be any thing I pleased, resplendent, magnificent, illustrious, with no fear of being hindered by Clifford.

My customary ill-fortune pursued me. Clifford became an exception to all precedent and all rule, that anomaly, that monster in human society,—an honoured apos-

tate ! One confirmation after another reached me, that this was true.

Well ; what was this to me ? Disappointed as I had been, voluntarily as I had renounced all connection with my kind, I might shut myself up in my own pursuits and connections, and leave the world for him to gambol in. I could almost have said, “ Take the rest of the inhabitants of the earth, and leave me Henrietta.” I was in the plight of the poor man of whom Nathan spoke to David, who “ had nothing, save one little ewe-lamb, which he nourished, and it grew up together with him ; it ate of his meat, and drank of his cup, and lay in his bosom,” and was all the world to him.

Clifford then was to marry Henrietta. I thought it too much that he lived ; and he was to marry my sister—this hateful thing, this loathsome spider, this execration to latest posterity, this thing, not less hateful in the eyes of God, than of

Mandeville. I would sooner have seen her spotted with the plague ; I would sooner have seen her barked and crusted over with the foulest leprosy ; sooner, ten thousand times sooner, I would have followed her to the grave—than that she should touch this man. If I had closed her eyes in death, if I had seen the king of terrors triumphing on her pale cheek, if I had looked at those beloved limbs inclosed in a shroud, and deposited in a coffin, if I had followed her hearse, and heard the stiffened clods rattling on the chest that contained her remains, that would have been a day of jubilee to me :—for she would have been uncontaminated. All stories of rape and violence, and the infinitely diversified excesses of human brutality, would have been tenderness, and beauty, and fragrance to this : for the mind of Henrietta was corrupted, and her will consented.

What a mockery is enumeration in a case like mine ! At this distant period it

is a sort of consolation to me, to analyse and count up the different ingredients of which my cup was composed ; but, at the time itself, it was all one mighty drench of misery, in which nothing was distinguished. My soul was chaos. A thick cloud, the “dunest smoke of hell” came over me. I was wrapped round with five fold darkness, a smother, that stopped my breath, and penetrated through all the coverings and integuments of the body, and turned my very bones into jelly. Oh, nothing so discomfiting, so helpless, and so hopeless, was ever felt by any other human being. Despair is a term altogether inadequate to express it. It overwhelmed me with the full sense of my misery, and left me without the power or conception, that I could any way relieve myself from, or escape it.

I was a sensible time in this deplorable condition. But then my soul, which had fled away and was gone, came back to me.

I shook myself, and stretched my limbs, as a man might be supposed to do, at just coming out from a dungeon, where every thing was stagnant and poisonous, and where he seemed to have been consigned to eternal oblivion. I awoke from a sleep more deadly and oppressive, than that from which the whole world shall be roused by the last trumpet. I viewed my murderers, Clifford and Henrietta, trampling on my lifeless limbs with looks of scorn. I never saw such looks. Diabolical triumph sat on the lips of each. Inhuman laughter flayed and mangled my ears like a hundred lancets. The pointed finger, the gesture of mingled hatred and contempt, spoke their secret soul. I raised myself from the earth, and stood in an erect posture. At length they caught my eye fixed on them, and they suddenly became blank : they spoke not, they moved not, they uttered not a sound : their hue became ghastly, their features indistinct, their outline dim,

they melted into air : I was left alone. All this I saw with a depth of apprehension, and a graduating of vision, that, as it appears to me, exceeded all the realities of my preceding life.

Full of this vision, my blood seethed and bubbled in my veins. I exclaimed with all the energy of rage : “ They insult and despise me ; they count me for nothing. Yes, I know they think, the moment I hear of their execrable crime, I shall become transfixed and insensible ; my heart shall burst with a thousand flaws ; I shall be like one struck with heaven’s lightning, and turned at once into a brittle and marrowless cinder. They are mistaken. There is a vivifying principle within me, that they remember not : vengeance, inextinguishable vengeance ! They think, that the world is theirs ; that they walk, crowned with garlands, and welcomed with choruses of joy, that they have no enemy to contend with. By heaven, it is not so !

I will pursue them for ever ; they shall feel me. “ Sleep shall, neither night nor day, hang upon their pent-house lids ;” through toilsome and insupportable years their flesh shall waste and be dried up with sorrow. They shall become as miserable, if possible, as by their wanton and savage cruelty they have made the brother of Henrietta.

“ Henrietta, I foolishly flattered myself, was bound to me by indissoluble ties of nature, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone. She has cast me off ; she treats me as an alien to her blood ; she regards me with indifference ; she places her delight in inflicting on me the most dreadful injury. By heaven, I will not be thus treated with impunity. Thou hast rejected me ; I also will reject thee. I renounce all kindred. All weakness, fondness, tenderness past, the nameless arts and endearments by which thou hast wound thyself round my soul, shall preserve no traces in the volume of my brain. I am vengeance, and nothing

else. I feel that I have nothing of human nature left within me. "My heart is turned to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand." I will pursue her for ever. If she has children—Ha! they will be the children of Clifford—living, substantial beings, in whom the blood of Clifford and of Mandeville shall be mingled together!—Can nature sustain such monsters?—Will not the demons themselves, tenants of the deepest hell, laugh with unhuman joy to behold them?—I will steal them from her; I will teach them to hate her; I will make them my instruments of vengeance. How it will delight me, what mitigation will it bring to the fire that burns within me, to see their infant fingers stream with their parents' blood!"

Such was the train of reflections that Holloway's intelligence produced within me. From the state of a man, palsied with astonishment and horror, which was the first effect, I mounted into supernatural energy.

I commanded my horse to be made ready. My guardian had watched all my motions with the utmost stretch of anxiety. He saw my extraordinary sinking of soul: that was what he expected. Yet it went to so terrible an extreme, that it did not fail to alarm him. He saw the altered current of my feelings, which of necessity manifested itself in violence of action, and every possible contortion of the body. When I came forth to mount my horse, he approached me, but with hesitation and timidity.

“Whither go you, sir?”

“To Henrietta.”

“Will you not allow my nephew to accompany you?”

“No; I will be attended by my groom only.”

Holloway dared press me no further. Beside, that he was partly satisfied with this. My groom, as well as every one about me, was his implement.

Of my journey I remember nothing. I

reached the Cottage of the New Forest, without any accident that could defeat my purpose. I saw my sister. I met her, as Clifford had done in his first visit to Beaulieu, and nearly on the same spot: it was one of her favourite haunts. I alighted, and gave my horse to the servant. Henrietta started as she beheld me, and almost fell to the ground. I supported her, and solemnly led to a bank. My voice had a depth, and a hollow, inward sound, like what we attribute to a ghost, returned from the mansion of departed spirits.

“Henrietta, this is a meeting, not like those I so well remember in the purlieus of the Forest. This is not like the meeting of a brother and a sister. I come to you for the last time.

“You add to my knowledge of human nature. I thought you an angel of light; I see in you a demon from hell. ‘It was not an enemy; then I could have borne it: it was not he that hated me; then I would

have hid myself from him : but it was thou my equal, my guide, and my acquaintance, from whose lips I have received sweet counsel' I know not how oft, with whom I have worshipped God, and lost myself transportingly amidst the magnificence of nature.

“Henrietta, why have you deceived me? I was hardly born to love. It is my disposition to walk gloomily among my fellow-creatures, and scarcely waste a thought upon them. I shut myself up disdainfully in my own contemplations, and basked in the majesty of desolation. Why did you draw me out of this? What boots it, that you are my sister? This is mere vulgar prejudice, the common stuff of the earth. It is dangerous to call forth the love of such a one as I am !

“You made me believe—what did you not make me believe? every thing that was lying and hypocritical—that you cared for me, that you loved me, that you were

anxious for my welfare, that you sympathized in my joys and my sorrows, that you studied to prepare for me good counsel, and to lead me in the path of honour and happiness.—Pooh, pooh, there was none of this!

“It was thus that you laid bare my bosom to your dagger’s point, that you stripped me of the armour with which nature had covered my bursting heart, and threw down all my defences. I else had walked the world in safety, not untried, not untortured, not undistressed—but with such trials and tortures as I could have sustained.”

Henrietta was surprised at the collectedness of my discourse; she knew she had used me unworthily; she was weighed down with the consciousness of guilt.

“But is this true?” I pursued, suddenly changing my tone. “Deny it! Fall, fall instantly on your knees, and swear it is false! You are not married? Who told

me that you were? You are not the wife of——? Then must it never be!

“Oh, Henrietta, I adjure you by all that is holy, and all that is sacred! for my sake, for your own sake! eschew the greatest of crimes! Crime, as in itself it is; to throw away the paragon of creation, upon a miscreant, an apostate, the abhorrence and the refuse of universal nature! What will England think of you? What will your whole sex? What name or place will you retain in the diversified society of living men?

“And for the sake of this crime, this abhorred mixture, this unnatural pollution, this worse than incest, you would destroy your brother! Here I am. Dispose of me as you please. I do not set my life at a pin's fee. For any thing that would do you honour, and do you grace, I would die a thousand times. Nothing would give me greater transport, than to sacrifice all I have, and all I am, for you. Those eyes, that figure, that heaven-descended aspect, the

smile I have seen on those lips, I value beyond a million of worlds. But, to see them consigned to every thing that is leprous, and that is horrible—that will I never!

“Henrietta, have you no purity? have you no shame? It is the crown of a woman, to do nothing that is equivocal, or ambiguous, to stand clear in the sight of all, to suffer no unhallowed breath for an instant to obscure the unsullied brightness of her name, to expose herself to no comments, never, never to subject her conduct to the discussion of the vulgar and profane.

“My sister, you had a father, you had a mother—have you forgotten them? They died Protestants. They died by the hands of blood-thirsty and barbarian Papists. They never would have suffered their daughter, to join in unhallowed union with the son of the destroyer. If they could know that such a thing was once meditated, or once named, it would stir them up from the rest of the grave. Think you see them before

you ! Think you see them, as they appeared in the last moments of their mortal existence. Their breasts streaming with gore shed by the accursed hand of Papists, their hands lifted up to heaven in execration of that cruel religion ! Now, now, they stretch them forth to you, their daughter, and implore you, for heaven's sake, for religion's sake, for the sake of all that is holy, in consideration of all the ties of blood, in recollection of their lives, and of their deaths, to renounce this detested marriage !”

Henrietta was shaken by the solemnity of my address. Her resolutions in my favour had been strong, and of the most disinterested sort ; her struggles had been sharp, and terrible, and severe ; they had been almost too mighty for her tender nature to endure. Her language to the Montagus, when they set out on their late visit to me in Derbyshire, had been to recommend to them, “ to use their best diligence in a ques-

tion that sank so deep into her heart; to adjure them, not to be swayed by any previous impressions that might have been made on them, but to try it with all the impartiality that would be due from jurors sitting upon an issue of life and death. She had protested again and again, how much better she should be satisfied with a decision that restored to her her beloved brother, though it should cut her off from Clifford for ever."

She was therefore in a high degree surprised at the style in which I addressed her. She found in it energy unbounded, and the deepest pathos. She found in it the most fervent and high-wrought passion. What then? There was nothing to censure in this. It would have been absurd, if it had been otherwise. She found in it no touch of insanity.

This was a moment, that was worth more than all the mines of Golconda. Henrietta, who was the jewel of the earth to me,

and to whom all the rest of the world was only the crust and the setting, was mine. Her heart was mine. I could retire with her to any corner of the peopled earth that I pleased. Henrietta was saved, saved from pollution, from blasphemy, from the most execrable of crimes, saved for her sex, for her country, for her age, and for me. I never can recollect this moment without an agony, a frenzy, beyond all frenzy, and to which every thing else that bears the name, is like the mummary of a personated clown, and the antics of children. That moment is gone. Oh, that all the happiness and the virtue of the earth should depend on a moment! The clock points the hour; and man is yet as virtuous as our first progenitor before the fall; he may challenge the arch-fiend, the great accuser of the creation, to point out one speck in the precious organ with which he looks on his God. The clock strikes; and all is over; the fatal deed is done; millions of worlds can-

not buy it back again ; oceans of tears cannot wash it away ; the stamp is fixed ; the decree is gone forth ; the trumpet of the Almighty proclaims it to the universe, " An immortal soul is fallen ! "

By me this precious harvest of spotless virtue was marred. What could possess me ? My soul was wrought too high ; and the cord by which every thing that was dear to me was suspended, could hold no longer. My understanding had once been unsettled ; and it could maintain its balance only to a certain point. At this moment, this critical, this tremendous moment, my eyes flashed fire, my brain fermented like a vessel of new wine, placed for that purpose by the hands of the maker. I raved. I talked—I know not what. I spoke of the Duke of Savoy, the pretender to the crown of England,* whose claims were upheld by the infuriated and blood-thirsty

* See Parsons on the Succession, 1594.

Papists, the true successors to Guy Fawkes and to Garnet. My reason was unsettled. In some wild and unaccountable way I conceived Clifford to be the Duke of Savoy, and Henrietta to be his queen. My gestures were furious ; my motions were alarming ; I was suddenly seized with all the demonstrations of the most rooted frenzy.

CHAPTER XVI.



HAVING thus begun, I know not to what extravagance I might have proceeded, had it not chanced that, just at this instant, the young Montagus and their servants passed along in the road below. They were surprised at seeing me thus ; they were alarmed at the vehemence and outrageousness of my gestures. I was alone with Henrietta. They alighted ; and, accompanied by their servants, hastened across a field, which lay between the road and the foot-path where we stood. I perceived them. By one of those sudden changes to which madness is often liable, the frame of my mind became

totally altered. I in some way anticipated impediment and restraint from their arrival. I fled with the rapidity of lightning; and, knowing where I had left my horses and my groom, was on my saddle in a moment. The groom, who, as I have said, had his instructions from Holloway, was aware how dangerous it would be to the purposes of my guardian, if, while suffering under an attack of frenzy, I fell into the hands of the Montagus, and seconded my purpose of escape with all his diligence.

The young gentlemen, seeing that by the opportuneness of their arrival they had driven me away, were not solicitous to pursue me, but turned their attention to my sister. She was in a state of the most distressful agitation. The unexpectedness of all that had passed, doubled the force of the impression it made upon her. She had been disconsolately meditating the trying circumstances in which she was placed, at

the moment when I so unexpectedly stood before her. She had received the report of the young gentlemen upon the unfortunate state of my intellectual health. She had in some degree, with a sort of half consent, suffered it to be understood, that her decision waited upon the issue of that report. She was acquainted with the proceeding that had been commenced in the court of chancery, for putting an end to the guardianship of Holloway. Yet it might be said of her, in the most accurate sense of that phrase, that Henrietta did not know her own mind. Still she had great compunctions and misgivings of soul, leading her to an unreserved union with her brother. Her passions, all that precise state of feeling which nature herself so distinctly makes the portion of a female just entering upon the state of womanhood,—not a nature gross, vulgar, and depraved—but that nature which instinctively guides the individual to a proceeding which promises most

to conduce to private and general happiness,—fought on the side of Clifford. Her reasonings leaned strongly towards me. On my side was that impulse of generosity, of self-sacrifice, and unambiguous rectitude, which was so peculiarly suited to the constitution of her character, and her habits of thinking. Most devoutly she prayed to the Almighty governor of the universe, that he would graciously impart a light from above, to guide her in the difficult path she had to tread.

In the very breath that uttered this prayer, I unexpectedly stood before her. Yes ; I have no doubt, that Providence itself took me by the hand, and placed me there, in answer to her prayer. The suddenness of the event, the particular moment in which it occurred, overcame her spirits, and made her unable to stand before me. Oh, that the gracious purpose of a beneficent Providence, that the finger of God stretched out to point the path of rec-

itude, should have been so wofully defeated ! She listened to me, with an attention that seemed to turn all her faculties at once into the single faculty of hearing. I have endeavoured to record the discourse I addressed to her. I have mentioned the effect it seemed to produce on her mind. I have spoken of the horrible start of frenzy, accursed revolution ! by which all these blooming hopes seem to have been dashed for ever.

Henrietta listened with that perfect singleness of heart, which never fell to the lot of any other human creature. My passion became her passion ; my sobriety her sobriety. Her feelings were of a mingled and a memorable sort. Her joy was great, in the evidence that seemed to pour upon her, of the sanity of her brother, that brother, whom if she did not love more than any other human being, she at least felt, in her single and unbetrothed state, to be

the mark and proper goal of her most sacred and primal duties. So great was her joy, that it was only checked and held back by a confused sense of guilt, a persuasion that she had yielded too far to the young Montagus, and their noble father, and Clifford, and every one around her, and had not examined enough for herself, and trusted to herself.

All this joy, this solemnity of soul, this new and serene beam of light that seemed to shoot through every fibre of her frame, served to render only more sharp and agonising what she felt, when I fell so unexpectedly into a fit of frenzy, as unequivocal as any human senses ever witnessed. I passed at once into a discourse the most incongruous and astounding. My gestures and actions were removed to the farthest distance possible, from those that could be incident to a being susceptible of the faculty of self-command. Henrietta observed me, with the utmost degree of terror, and the most

poignant grief. She felt, that all was over, her hopes were terribly refuted, all the unfavourable reports that had been made of me were confirmed, in a way that smote her very heart. The greatest degree of misery of which she had a conception, was crowded into that moment.

Thus was the poor Henrietta delivered up into the hands of those who had already so fearfully misled her. Clifford was on the spot. They beset her together. They reproached her, that she had been so unjust as to doubt the reports that had been conveyed to her. They told her, that by all laws, human and divine, a maniac was to be considered as *non ens*, a person *hors de cour*, and not competent to exercise those rights, which may be claimed by every sane member of the community. They expostulated with her, that it would be hardly less than madness, to allow the sentiments of a person in my unfortunate situation, to influence the conduct of the

more favoured and undeluded bystanders, in the most serious affairs of life. In brief, they urged, with all the strength of argument they were capable of, an immediate marriage. It was time, that so important a question should be set at rest, by being placed beyond the power of recal. This was a measure, not less due to me, than to herself. I was incapable of being the director of my own actions, and was in the hands of the most unprincipled of men, who were capable of using their power for the most dangerous and tragical purposes. My welfare and my safety required, that that power should be put an end to ; and Henrietta's marriage would materially contribute to hasten that happy event. I should then, by the highest authority in the realm, be placed in the hands of guardians of character and respectability, well acquainted with my affairs, and incapable of being guided by sinister motives, and who would use every tender and consider-

ate expedient, for alleviating my affliction as long as it endured, and for restoring me as speedily as possible to a healthful and sound state of mind, to the duties and enjoyments of a reasonable and well regulated human being.

In this sad and portentous moment Henrietta was lost. Every consideration that could terrify or seduce the human soul into error, was armed against her. She was beset by the arguments and intreaties of all she loved, and all that, by force of long habit, were accustomed to have authority over her. She was timid from a sense of error, and from the utter incapacity she felt, of being able to ascertain what system of conduct it became her to adopt. She had an impression that she had opposed herself too far to the friends in the midst of whom she lived, that she had been too confident and presumptuous on my side; and she had that sense of conscious shame, which is incident to every ingenuous mind, when that

on which they relied, is suddenly shown to be utterly fallacious and unsubstantial. My authority with and ascendancy over her was never so little as at the present instant ; for she had never on any other occasion been so poignantly impressed with the senselessness of my views, and the extravagance of my conceptions. The very circumstance, that, but a quarter of an hour before, I had assumed an almost omnipotent influence over her, made the matter worse. The fall on my part, from sublime eloquence, from a passion that seemed to have no commerce with human frailty, from that deep sobriety, that total collect-edness and clearness of soul, which raises man most nearly to the idea of the God that made him, into the most ridiculous and inconceivable absurdities, was astounding beyond all precedent and all imagination. Nor is it to be counted for nothing, that Clifford stood before her, Clifford in all the radiance of youthful beauty, Clif-

ford, whose eye seemed with mingled pride and tenderness to reproach her, for the wayward coldness and indifference with which he had been treated, Clifford, who had first won her virgin heart, and in whose behalf all its weaknesses pleaded, with an insinuation beyond that of the Sirens, which even "the man for wisdom's various arts renowned" could not have resisted, if his ears had not previously been stopped up, and his limbs had not been bound. On the side of Clifford appeared all the realities of life, and its bewitching and most sacred charities; in me she had been deceived, and saw plainly that she could not find any sensible ground for reliance and a calculation of things to come.

The course of my narrative has now led me, by the regular succession and linking together of events, to that accursed moment, when, to my intellectual eye, the sun was turned into darkness, and the moon into blood. No day-star, ever after

this, rose, to disperse my gloom. No smile ever flitted across my cheek, no short interval ever occurred to break my anguish. I was born to love. My love was not a loose, general, effervescent sentiment, that in its tumult threw its spray in every face, and overspread whole provinces with its giant waves, and washed the barren sands far and near with the whiteness of its foam. But the more distinguishing it was, the greater and the fiercer was its heat. I loved, as never man loved. I poured out my heart and my soul, all my faculties, and all my thoughts, upon Henrietta. Early I learned to be dissatisfied with myself, and to despise myself. Disappointment cowered with its depressing and heavy wings over my cradle; and mortification hung round my childish steps, and waylaid me in my path. Early therefore I learned to go out of myself; and, like the dervise to whom I once before alluded, in the Persian Tales, I left my own

rejected and loathsome corse, to live in another, to feel her pleasures, and rejoice in her joys. To be defeated therefore in this witchcraft, to have this enchantment dissolved, was an anguish—I throw away my pen—no words can describe it—it is mockery and insult to heap together a set of elaborate phrases, and then say, “It lies enshrined there!”—But I—I, not only lost the only thing that in all the world I prized; but I saw it given to my worst enemy, for him to play with as he pleased, for him to plant his kisses on that cheek, for him to count for his chiefest possession, for him to come home to, wearied with the business and the turmoil of the world, and to find his peace, his reward, and his consolation there!—there!

My feelings were tenfold embittered with the recollection, that this was a marriage. Of all the festivals that enliven the chequered scene of human life, marriage is the most genuine. The garland and the festoon, the

sportive sally, and the festive dance, are all appropriate. The triumph of a conqueror is a forced and an atrocious spectacle. He comes home from fields of murder, from blazing towns, from every complication of human calamity and human profligacy, and he is welcomed with flowers. But the splendour and the gaiety of a marriage are unartificial. A youth and a virgin, in all the pride of unfolding beauty and hope, are brought together to be united in the most sacred bonds. This is the emblem and archetype of all that is most admirable in earth or heaven: Charity, the love of our country, and the love of our species, are copied from it. The mysterious union of Christ and his church, is unfolded to us in sacred writ, under the figure of the bridegroom and his bride. All the affections of human life grow out of marriage. Cicero says, they are all comprehended in the love of our country: it is more strikingly true, that they are all the just and infal-

lible sequence of the nuptial tie. In the contemplation of this therefore, not only the parties rejoice, but all the bystanders dismiss their cares: wrinkles and anger are far from this scene, the sun shines brighter than was his wont, and all nature conspires to make a holiday.

Aye, my story is arrived at a festival; Clifford and Henrietta are one! May serpents and all venomous animals solemnise their union! May toads and aspicks mark their path with odious slime! May the sheeted dead arise, in every monstrous and terrific form, and squeak and gibber around them! May all the demons of hell celebrate their pomp in emblematic dance, and toss their torches on high, in testimony of their joy! Oh, that the festival of their marriage might be consecrated with such tokens and external gawds, as might, however imperfectly, answer to what I feel within!

CHAPTER XVII.



I CANNOT tell how Holloway and Mallison procured their intelligence ; but they seemed to be acquainted with every thing that passed. The present situation of affairs took away all distance between us. I knew, that in them I should meet with concurrence, in whatever I should act respecting the point nearest my heart ; and I knew not where else I should find it. The vehemence of passion that had animated me in my interview with Henrietta, the burst of frenzy that had seized me, had in a great degree subsided during my return from the New Forest into Derbyshire. I consulted

with Holloway what was to be done in this momentous crisis. I shrunk from no violence, I was willing to engage in the widest scene of blood and devastation, rather than suffer that event to take place, which I regarded with more horror than the destruction of millions. It was the task of those within whose custody I was placed, to moderate me; and yet only so far to moderate me, as to render the blow more effectual, and the success more secure. They believed that the actual solemnity of marriage would not be attempted, till the legal power of Holloway had received its quietus by the determination of the law: yet were they not so confident of that, as to neglect any devisable precaution that might be adapted to the intermediate period. Holloway diligently applied himself to the preparing his defence before the lords commissioners. For this purpose he was anxious to consult with and to instruct me, as to the part I had to act: and

I was willing, for the important purpose of defeating the cabal that was formed against my peace, to conform to any instructions, to submit to any labour, and to compose myself to any face and air of sobriety, that might be prescribed. Holloway was also assiduous in the manufacture of deceitful affidavits, and the collecting a suitable portion of false witnesses. The course of the question now to be decided, necessarily brought us to London. Lord Montagu and the other parties were also led to the metropolis by the same consideration.

I found, that my sister and the young ladies of this nobleman's family were on a visit at the house of Sir Thomas Fanshaw, afterward Lord Fanshaw, at Barking upon the Forest, in Essex. This little town is about seven miles from London. One morning Holloway burst into my chamber with the intelligence, that the marriage was certainly to take place on the day after to-morrow, in the church of that place. I

could not believe it. I replied, that they would questionless wait the decision of the lords commissioners; as the so doing was the only infallible way of securing my sister's fortune, which by the will of my uncle was made to depend upon her marrying with her guardian's consent. To this Holloway had no other answer, than that his information was such, as to entitle it to undoubted credit. He added, that, on the day before the marriage, the young Montagus, with Clifford and my sister, were to dine at Parslows, the residence of a younger brother of Sir Thomas, and to return in the evening.

This then was the moment in which something of the most decisive nature was to be effected. Holloway was perfectly willing to concur in whatever might prevent the marriage, with the reserve only, that he must not appear in any act of violence. I calculated the number of the party to return from Parslows, and resolved to

provide myself with a force, sufficient to encounter them. I hired six troopers from General Lambert's regiment, then quartered in London, and resolved to accompany them in person, and direct their motions. I decided, that no occasion could be so favourable for carrying off my sister by force, as on the eve of the very day that was fixed for consummating my misery.

I have expressed myself as if this plan was my own; and so it appeared to me. It was in reality Holloway's. He had constituted himself my guide, and, with an art worthy of a better cause, supplied me with ideas, engendered solely in his fertile brain, but which still seemed to me to spring from my own. He possessed in the utmost perfection the rhetorical figure of anticipation, and would often ask me whether thus and thus was not the way in which I purposed to act; while the suggestion was so apt and seemingly unavoidable, that I answered such indeed had been my purpose, and

could seldom even bring myself to believe that it was not so. He had the absolute command of Mallison, of my groom, and of every one that approached me ; and the drama in which I was destined to play a part, was, by the dexterity of my guardian, got up in a most masterly manner, whether as to the cast of the characters, the succession of the scenery, or the exact appropriation of the theatrical properties. Holloway had distributed his instructions, like a skilful general, for the battle that was in preparation, and had fixed upon the obscure retreat to which my sister was to be subsequently conducted. If this should afterward become known, he judged, that a *raptus*, or carrying-off, of a ward by her guardian, would find a very different construction, from the lawless enterprises usually known by that name. And he did not doubt, if Henrietta were once securely in our possession, that he should be able, by that contrivance which he had often made

trial of in the most difficult cases, to bring the affair to that conclusion which his heart most eagerly desired, the lawful nuptials of his nephew and my sister.

We set out from London in the afternoon, and, having reached the Forest, withdrew ourselves into some of its most unfrequented haunts. My groom, by an extraordinary accident, had formerly lived in the service of Sir Thomas Fanshaw, and was fully acquainted with all the places that lay within the circuit of my expedition. As night drew on, one of the troopers advanced with the groom, that there might be one man to observe the motions of the enemy without interruption, while the other might pass and repass, to convey to us the necessary intelligence. The main body held itself sufficiently in the rear to be out of sight, but near enough to be called into action at a very short notice. We chose our post so judiciously, as to approach the very spot where the party se-

parated, the young Montagus making the best of their way by the great road towards London, while the carriage, with my sister and one of Lord Montagu's daughters, struck into the by-path, which led to Sir Thomas Fanshaw's. The distance of Sir Thomas's house, was less than a mile from the place where the roads separated ; and the young gentlemen might without inconvenience have escorted the carriage to the very roof where the ladies were to sleep. But an infatuation seized them. They apprehended no danger, and lulled themselves into perfect security. The night was considerably advanced ; and it was agreed that the gentlemen should make the best of their way for London.

Before they came to the place of separation, I received notice that the party had already made its appearance ; and, stationing the troopers in the thicket, I advanced so far, as without being observed, to enable me to reconnoitre their motions. There

was a large tree, and a considerable quantity of underwood, between me and them. I witnessed, in patient stillness, and unconquerable silence, the parting. All those on horseback remained in the London road; the carriage turned off into the obscure and grassy lane. I followed it with stealing steps. I sent off the groom with notice to the troopers, at the same time requiring them to advance in the most cautious manner. By this time they had joined me; we surrounded the carriage; and in an imperious tone, I ordered the man that drove it, to turn round, and measure back his steps.

What was thus done, could not be effected so silently as to occasion no disturbance. The companion of Henrietta, whose thoughts were perhaps the more disengaged of the two, thrust her head from the window of the chaise, to enquire of the driver why he turned out of the road. As she did this, she saw that the carriage was surrounded; and she uttered a fearful shriek. The gen-

lemen by whom they had been escorted, were yet but at a little distance : with all my imaginary dexterity and wariness of proceeding, my motions had been too rapid ; the moment I took off the curb by which the impetuosity of my mind had been restrained for a time, the fervour of my passion caused me to dash along the path with a vehemence that nothing could exceed. It is probable also, that the trampling of the horses of my troopers had caught the attention of the party. They turned round, and advancing at a full gallop, speedily came up with us. One of the troopers shouted out *à l-arme* : and leaving the carriage, with one man well appointed at the horses' heads, we drew up in a line almost a stone's throw nearer to the parting of the road.

I called out to those who were advancing in the opposite direction, in a voice preternaturally swelled with passion, to stop, or they were dead men. I was answered with

the discharge of a pistol. This was the signal. I ordered my men to fire. I was far past the consideration of how many lives might be the victims of my fury. There was a regular discharge of musketry on our side, and one or two men of the enemy fell. We then drew our broad-swords. Clifford was the foremost of the defensive party; and, though the night was dark, by sure instinct I singled him out. We struck; we grappled; we fell from our horses, and came to the ground together. We rose, as if by a mutual consent, that had no need of words; and drew back again a few paces from each other, that we might once more clash with the greater fury. Clifford called out to me, not to force him to embrew his sword in the blood of the brother of his wife! That word drove me instantaneously to a towering madness. I cursed him in words of such bitterness and malignity as nothing but a passion like mine could furnish.—I remember no more.

I and my troopers were defeated. Each party carried off its wounded. There had been considerable effusion of blood ; but no lives were lost. I received a cut of a sabre from the hand of Clifford, full across my eye and my left cheek : it descended even to my lips. It was given home ; as all injuries ever have been, that came to me from that quarter. It threw me senseless on the ground. My body was defended by the soldiers, while the adversary rode off towards the carriage. It had been my strictest injunction to my followers, that, if the issue of our enterprise was unfavourable, my person should not be left, dead or alive, in the hands of the enemy ; and they were faithful to that command, for they knew that their reward depended on its performance.

The word with which Clifford had thrust at my soul, the instant before he inflicted that terrible gash on my face, was true. The marriage had taken place on the morn-

ing of this day at Barking ; and they had immediately proceeded from the church to Parslows. It had been arranged, that Clifford was to lay that night at Sir Thomas Fanshaw's ; and his stopping with the young Montagus at the separation of the roads was accidental, he having recollected something, of which he wished to speak to them previously to their parting for the night.

Each of the Montagus received a slight wound in our midnight-encounter. Clifford alone was unhurt. He bore a charmed life. The blotches and stains which crusted his moral character, were no less sure a defence to him, than the cloud in which Juno is said to have carried off her favourite Turnus. Let fall your blades on vulnerable crests ; for none of woman born shall damage Clifford ! Of all appalling and maddening ideas, undoubtedly the cardinal one is the impassiveness with which hell sometimes dowers her votaries.

It was otherwise with me. I had received a deep and perilous gash, the broad brand of which I shall not fail to carry with me to my grave. The sight of my left eye is gone; the cheek beneath is severed, with a deep trench between. My wound is of that sort, which in the French civil wars got the name of *une balafre*. I have pleased myself, in the fury and bitterness of my soul, with tracing the whole force of that word. It is *cicatrix luculenta*, a glazed, or shining scar, like the effect of a streak of varnish upon a picture. *Balafre* I find explained by Girolamo Vittori, by the Italian word *smorfiato*; and this again—I mean the noun, *smorfia*—is decided by “the resolute” John Florio, to signify “a blurting or mumping, a mocking or push with one’s mouth.” The explanation of these lexicographers is happily suited to my case, and the mark I for ever carry about with me. The reader may recollect the descriptions I have occasionally

been obliged to give, of the beauty of my person and countenance, particularly in my equestrian exercises, when, mounted on my favourite horse, I was the admiration of every one that beheld me. What was I now? When I first looked in my glass, and saw my face, once more stripped of its tedious dressings, I thought I never saw any-thing so monstrous. It answered well, to the well-worded description of Florio. The sword of my enemy had given a perpetual grimace, a sort of preternatural and unvarying distorted smile, or deadly grin, to my countenance. This may to some persons appear a trifle. It ate into my soul. Every time my eye accidentally caught my mirror, I saw Clifford, and the cruel heart of Clifford, branded into me. My situation was not like what it had hitherto been. Before, to think of Clifford was an act of the mind, and an exercise of the imagination; he was not there, but my thoughts went on their destined errand, and fetched him;

now I bore Clifford and his injuries perpetually about with me. Even as certain tyrannical planters in the West Indies have set a brand with a red-hot iron upon the negroes they have purchased, to denote that they are irremediably a property, so Clifford had set his mark upon me, as a token that I was his for ever.

THE END.

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